

THE CITYZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. X. NO. 8.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE PLUNDERED CLADDAGH.

How the Trawling Vessels of Big Corporations Have Destroyed the Galway Bay Fisheries.

A Sad Falling Off in Population and the Comforts of Life.

As the Claddagh king makes no regal show above his fellows, so too the queen looked as if she had shared every hardship of the poorest fishwife. Her toll-worn face had a look of care, and it was evident she had seen a good deal of the roughest side of a very hard life, but she had lost none of the quick intelligence her people are noted for. "Yes, avourneen," she said, "the Claddagh was a fine place in the good old times, and as happy and contented a people in it for hundreds of years as anywhere the world over. No one knows when the first of the Claddagh people came, for St. Eada of Aran himself found us here, the very same we are this blessed day, saving the poverty and the English speech; them came in with this generation; the trawlers brought us the one, and the other's poor comfort to a hungry heart. There was full and plenty in the Claddagh, snug homes, and light hearts when no word but Irish could be found with man, woman, or child. An ancient place and an ancient race, and as good and honest a people now as when the saints walked among us, as Father John told us in the chapel—(more be token, 'twas Father John blessed the sea last year, and they say he went away because there was no fish the whole winter. He couldn't stand the hungry looks, though, sure, God knows, we never reproached him). Even now, thanks be to God, you might strew the shore with gold and never a man of the Claddagh would touch a penny, even to save himself from hunger. Oh, but it's a changed place these years past! In my mother's day there were 3,000 people in the village, and nigh 900 boats abroad on the bay. It was then you'd see, of a St. John's eve, the gallant procession of men and boys and young people of the Claddagh.

DRESSED IN THEIR FINEST, decked out in ribands, with two merry-men to head them and make diversion as they went through the streets of Galway, with flags and music. Then what a St. John's fire was lit—with every sport and dance around it, every youth passing across the fire for luck, and then bringing a sod from it to every home to kindle the new fires for the year. And then, when there was a wedding (Mary, alanna, go get your Claddagh ring to show to the ladies—she's my eldest boy's wife, miss, and has her ring convenient), it was then we held re-vels, for sure it wasn't like now—there were homes and boats and fish in the bay for all. Yes, it's true the people never marries out of the place, but we're good Christians, and never a one marries within the three degrees. There are old women here who keep as good count of that as the Fathers themselves within in Tempull Varra. But I was talking of old times. Even when O'Connell came to the Claddagh there were 1,500 living in peace and comfort (where are only 500 today), forever and always there was plenty to be had at our very doors. What the bank is to the landfolk the sea was to the fisherman. He had only to cast his net and draw more fish than he wanted, for then the bay swarmed with every fish, from the haddock our Lord Himself took in His hand and blessed and fed the multitude with, leaving the marks of His fingers on it to this day, to the deest fish the sea can give. But there's no law for the poor now. The poor man has few friends. Once the bay was as the Aran Isles belonged to the fishermen of the Claddagh, of Aran, and the other people along the coast; but the rich people came in and

drove the fish away, and now, I've seen the strong men wean for want of food, and the little children white with cold and hunger. All the young men of the Claddagh have been forced to enter the navy reserve, to try and get a roof over their people; and if ever war comes, then God be with us all!" "She says true," interposed Paddy King, "landfolk can't always understand why we are so bitter set against the trawlers. They think the sea is beside the land—the same that it is a hundred miles out—all deep, and the fish all a fair take for large and small craft. But it's no such thing. Here's how it is. Galway Bay is only like a shallow, sandy-bottomed pond. Very well. Us with our wide mesh nets, just caught the fish—the large, full-grown herrings of the season. The trawlers—there's eleven of them out there, their beams pointed at us like bayonets—the trawlers come into the shallow seas, with nets of big and little meshes kept to the bottom of the bay with great bars that sweep—sweep along, and gather up all before them—fish old and young, and sand. Now, mind you, the sand (or used to be) weighted with the spawn for the next year. But the trawl sweeps up all. Why, I have seen shoals of young fish poured—a dead stream—back again into the sea from the trawlers' nets; what should be a stream of silver for the poor fisherman next year and the years to come, lost and useless! And then, here's worse again. The Almighty gives great scope to all creatures for their own protection, and fish have a high sense of what is destruction to their kind. The trawl bars ever and always disturbing the bottom of the bays, the herrings, that used to come in millions, soon began to desert it and turn elsewhere for shelter, so it comes that every way our small craft has little or no chance where the big boats of the wealthy company can sweep before them. And so it is that there's poverty now in the Claddagh. We ask only fair play. Let us have a matter of ten miles of our own bay—from Blackhead into Ga way—free to our craft, and no trawlers allowed inside that line. Let us have that for even five years,

and see will the fish return to our coast. God knows the rest is wide enough for all—rich and poor!"

As we turned away, saddened by what we had seen and heard, we could not help wishing that something might be done by those in power to lessen the trials of these poor but honest people; that some concession might be made to the wishes of the Claddagh fishermen, if only that the remnant now remaining of such good and industrious inhabitants might be enabled to remain in the land and in the homes they love so well. We knew from the townspeople that the sufferings of the Claddagh fishfolk were great and that the sympathy for them was general. We felt that it must be something very real that brought a trembling into that strong man's voice and made tears fill his eyes more than once as he and his wife told of the by-gone glories and present poverty of the Claddagh—the oldest fishing colony in the land!—Mary Bannin in the Dublin Freeman.

THE ROW STILL ON.

Preparations for an Active Campaign of Words by Both Wings of the Irish Parliamentary Party.

LONDON, Feb. 17.—Parnell had a private meeting with his faction today, at which final arrangements were made for the campaign in Ireland. Seven of Parnell's leading men crossed to Ireland to-night to organize meetings wherever the anti-Parnellites have arranged one. Parnell himself goes to Ireland Saturday and addresses the great meetings at Roscommon Sunday and at Brokestown Monday. He will receive an address from the Gaelic Club of Ireland, in Dublin, Tuesday. Arrangements have been made for a series of meetings during the next three months to be addressed by Parnell. In Cork St. Patrick's Day Parnell is to preside at a banquet. He and his men appear confident of winning and are certainly going to work in a more methodical way than the McCarthyites. The proposal of the latter that £36,000 now banked in Paris to the credit of the parliamentary fund should be devoted to the evicted tenants was discussed by Parnell, who intends to open up correspondence with McCarthy on the subject. This money was reserved for the general elections or for an emergency, and if the proposal of the McCarthyites is adopted no reserve will be available. In the event of the party being reunited Parnell will almost certainly visit America some time this year, but probably not until autumn.

The chief interest in the pending Irish dispute now centres around the campaign about to be opened in Ireland, and for which the McCarthyites have about completed their preparations. The authorized report of their meeting Monday hardly covers an adequate idea of the result of their deliberations. An active, vigorous campaign was decided upon and will be undertaken in advance. It will be well maintained even if it do so it is found necessary to deplete the Irish benches during the discussion of the Irish Land bill.

Between twenty and thirty Nationalists, including the unpopular Healy and the popular Sexton, leave London at once. To insure for these orators a fitting reception the priests have been communicated with and all directions sent out. The fight against Mr. Parnell will be bitter and uncompromising, the leading advocate of the "bread and milk" policy, the late editor of *United Ireland*, being safe in all and unable to take part in the campaign. It is urged that Mr. Parnell has not heretofore spared his opponents and possibly will not do so in the future. Way, therefore, should the McCarthyites not imitate his example?

Monday evening Mr. Parnell held a long and significant interview with the Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, of Detroit, Mich., lately the Treasurer of the National League in America, in the smoking-room of the house of commons. It is understood that the reverend gentleman sided with the ex-leader. He associated last evening altogether with the Parnellites.

The McCarthyites are in high feather over the receipt by their leader of a power of attorney from Patrick Egan transferring to him the control of 250 shares of the capital stock of *United Ireland*. This gives Mr. McCarthy control of a majority of the shares and opens up the prospect of lively times in Dublin, as the new leader proposes to do a little evulsion on his own account and bestow on the disputed journal an editorial staff of his own way of thinking.

Capt. Vandeleur is again about to begin evictions in the county Clare. It will be remembered that eighteen months ago Capt. Vandeleur met the National League half way and agreed to leave the dispute with his tenants to the arbitration of Sir Charles Russell. The cause of Capt. Vandeleur's present action is the failure on the part of the tenants to carry out the conditions of Sir Charles's award.

The officials are congratulating themselves on the fact that 8,176 people, representing that number of families, are now employed upon the eight railways in the West of Ireland, the appropriation for the construction of which were made by parliament early in the session. The result of this government measure of relief has already been to mitigate the suffering in the congested districts and bridge over the most trying season of the year.

Mr. Justin McCarthy denies that he gave Mr. William O'Brien carte blanche to dispose of the £3,000 released from Munro's, the Paris banker with whom the funds of the Irish parliamentary party had been deposited. He says that is rather a question for Mr. Harrington to answer than Mr. O'Brien. In regard to Mr. Harrington's assertion that the Tenants' Defense Association lacks the machinery of distribution, Mr. McCarthy explains that that is the reason why the association now asks for control of the money.

In an interview in reference to the foregoing Mr. Harrington declared that he had nothing to do with the money, but possessed a document which proved that he had a matter of ten miles of our own bay—from Blackhead into Ga way—free to our craft, and no trawlers allowed inside that line. Let us have that for even five years,

DOWN ON "BABY."

Eleanor Kirk Puts the Ideas of a Little Boy, Whose Nose was "Kicked Out of Joint," Into Poetry.

A Colored Woman's Good Effect on a Crowd of Blue People.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., Feb. 16.—The following verses were suggested by listening to the complaint of a very bright little boy concerning a new baby. I have simply put his protest into metrical form. I think I never bemoaned the absence of artistic faculty more than on this occasion, for the child's poses, gestures and expression would have made a story without words:

"A BIG ENOUGH FAMILY."

"I think there was children enough
There was Kitty and Pomp and me;
A cat and a dog and a little boy
Are a big enough family.
We used to have lots of fun, you bet,
And now we have none at all;
There's something up stairs in mamma's bed,
A little red thing in a shawl."

"If I slide down the bannisters,
Jes make a little noise
A woman comes out and pats my head,
And talks about 'good little boys.'
She wears a white apron and cap,
And 'pears to own the house,
I wonder 't she thinks a fellow like me
's got fur on his feet like a mouse?"

"They're all the time talking about my nose,
It's broke on the bridge they say,
And they were certain sure there'd be
An accident there some day.
And when I look in the glass they laugh:
It's funny I suppose,
But nobody ever did that before
When anything hurted my nose."

"When papa comes in, he says, 'Hello,
You little rat—how's sis?'
He means that wigly thing upstairs
The cook calls 'Little Miss.'
That's got the pockers in her skin,
And squinties in her eyes,
And looks like a 'kryptian mummy,'
Specially when she cries."

"Her nose is ten times broken'n mine,
Don't look like a nose a bit;
It's got little holes, but not any bone,
And mamma keeps pinching it.
Jack Wilder's got a brother now,
'At can walk and pinch a ball,
'Why didn't they get a child like that
'stead of that thing in a shawl?"

"Anyhow I've got Pomp and Kit,
They know a lot for true,
They scot when they see that woman come,
And that's the reason why I do.
She can't catch us, but when she says
That baby's the image 'o me,
I wish that Pomp and Kit and I
Was all the family."

It was a dejected looking carload. I had been accused before leaving home of getting out of the wrong side of the bed, and my fellow passengers looked as if they had made the same mistake. The seats were not uncomfortably filled, and there was no disgusting spectacle to cause nervous irritability, hence the ill nature must have been imported. My impression was—I hope of course it was not wrong—that if my neighbors had been asked what they would rather do than anything else in the world, they would have answered, "Say something wicked." And yet they were all well dressed and well behaved. A baby in his mother's arms, at my left, had a trick of ducking its head backward and elevating its stomach at intervals, and as the process of restoration to a normal position required something to kick against, I was somewhat inconvenienced. Generally such a performance would have been amusing. On this occasion it was not. In fact I saw no reason for the child's continued existence. The child's mother evidently felt the same way. On my right was a man with a heavy cold. He was trying to read a magazine, but his eye glasses kept slipping off his nose, and when they didn't slip off, the frequent trips of his handkerchief to that organ, made it necessary to take them off. Once I distinctly heard him say something just two words. Under the circumstances they seemed mild.

At last the rear door slid back cheerily and a new element appeared on the scene—a young colored woman—I should have said a highly colored woman—for she was as black as a chimney pot. She closed the door as cheerily and as dextrously as she had opened it, and then planted her back against it and proceeded to smile at her fellow passengers collectively and individually. I caught her eye—and I hope returned her smile—at any rate I felt better. The troubled mother at my left regarded the newcomer with interest, and the baby forgot his trick of the abdominal arch. My neighbor with the influenza actually gave a little chuckle as an extra grin on the ebony countenance disclosed every tooth in her head from incisors to great molars. A different feeling pervaded the car. "How foolish!" said the pessimistic demon which I despise and always keep in the background as much as possible, "to give that ignorant colored girl credit for this change in the spiritual atmosphere. It's all bogus." But I knew better, and when the b. by held out its pudgy hands to the newcomer in obedience to various grimaces, and a sour little boy opposite had laughed until the tears ran down his face, and my neighbor with the glasses, magazine and influenza, had said to me, a stranger, "Refreshingly, isn't it?" I was heartily ashamed of my pessimism. I was sorry to leave this incarnation of good nature. I should like to have taken her home, and a framed her. As I left the car I said in a low tone, "Much obliged to you, you have done me a heap of good." "What's that you say, honey? De Lord bless your pleasant face," she replied. And so I had looked pleasant to her. That was some comfort anyway.

A Boston lady wishes me to take up the subject of life insurance occasionally, and especially "the false delicacy or maudlin sentiment" which prevents wives from urging their husbands to take proper precautions in this most important matter. The writer is very enthusiastic about the annuity or endowment plan, as this is cheaper than any other form of policy and more useful, and can come back to a man in his lifetime, and furnish him an income which may send his boys and girls to college, or take care of his family in sickness or old age. The Travelers' Insurance Company has brought this endowment plan to perfection. If the husband and father dies, then the sum is invested in the safest way for those that remain. There is no anxiety or insecurity. The company is the trustee for the widows and orphans, paying the equivalent of a permanent 4½ per cent income, free of taxes.

I do not think it is very easy for a wife to ask her husband to have his life insured, but if he does not think of it himself, she certainly should put sentiment aside and see that it is attended to. By the endowment plan she is relieved from considering his death, as this is quite as much for life as for death.

If men could only realize that it is too late to insure when pneumonia has settled down upon them or they are stricken by paralysis, they would not be so careless. A dead man can be insured quite as easily as a sick man.

No story has been published of late years that is receiving so much attention from our little folks and so much praise from the older ones as "Ella's Visit to Cloudland and the Moon," by Mrs. Frances V. Austin, now being published in *St. Nicholas*. Indeed the second installment in the February number has driven the children almost wild. The pictures are so wonderful and so catch the spirit and illustrate the incidents of the story that one cannot help asking how it could have been accomplished. In no other way than by the author and the artist working in perfect harmony and with equal talent. The pictures are all by Mr. E. J. Austin. Such a combination—in the one family, husband and wife—is most rare. This story was commenced in January, and those who have not seen it should take the first opportunity to do so.

ELEANOR KIRK

IRISH NEWS.

On his way to the great meeting at Ennis Mr. Parnell was received with great enthusiasm by large crowds at every station where the train stopped.

Mr. Joseph Studholme, J.P., Ballyelgha, Parsonstown, has been sworn in local sheriff, and Richard Bell, Elmfield, Tullamore, sub-sheriff, of King's county.

The following letter has been addressed to the editor of the *Dublin Freeman* by Robert Burke, of No. 38 Great Charles street, Mountjoy square, Dublin: "Sir—I ought to know more of South Galway than Mr. David Sheehy, from Templemore, county Tipperary, as I am a native of that now misrepresented division of a great county. And I can tell him that were there an election tomorrow he would have as much chance of being returned as I have of becoming Custos Rotulorum of the planet Uranus. South Galway knew nothing whatever of Mr. David Sheehy. He was returned in deference to the in-dominable and matchless leader whom he has betrayed. But South Galway will cashier him when the longed for day of reckoning shall have arrived."

The election of coadjutor bishop of Elphin took place at Sligo. The voting resulted as follows: Very Rev. R. Canon McLoughlin, V.G., Sligo, 13; Very Rev. J. Canon Kelly, P.P., V.F., Athlone, 9; Most Rev. Dr. Healy, coadjutor bishop of Clonfert, 3; Most Rev. Dr. Lyster, bishop of Achonry, 3; Very Rev. P. Canon Hanly, V.P., V.G., Carrick on Shannon, 1.

Four large strikes are at present raging in Limerick.

After the meeting in Ennis Mr. Parnell received over thirty addresses from the people of the surrounding districts.

The following is a parliamentary return of evictions in Ireland for the quarter ended Dec. 31: Armagh 6, Cavan 3, Donegal 149 and 35 sub-tenants, Down 3, Tyrone 2; total for Ulster 158. Carlow 1, Kildare 1, King's county 2, Longford 1 and 3 sub-tenants, Louth 2, Meath 3, Queen's county 3, Westmeath 6, Wicklow 1; total for Leinster 39. Galway 50, Leitrim 1, Mayo 5, Roscommon 13; total for Connaught 69. Clare 2, Cork 28, Kerry 5, Limerick 3, Tipperary 15; total for Munster 53. Total for Ireland, 309 ex-tenants; 59 ex-sub-tenants; 20 tenants; 3 sub-tenants.

Arthur Taylor, No. 23 Clements street, Belfast, committed suicide by hanging recently.

A brutal double murder was committed on the townland of Lutyngapple, twelve miles from Cavan, and situated midway between Ballyduff and Ballyborough. The victims were Thomas and Catherine Reilly, husband and wife, who were acting as caretakers on a farm belonging to Dr. Brady.

Mr. Richard Power, for many years the popular whip of the Irish party, is seriously ill. He was ordered to Hyeres, but, according to latest accounts, has not greatly profited by the change of air and scene.

Mr. John Hammond, Cahoonish, was thrown from his horse and killed, on Jan. 29, while returning from the Munster fair.

Mr. D. D. Leahy, Abbeyfeale, died on Jan. 17, aged 69 years.

The Rev. James Hanneberry, for seven years senior curate of Clannamore and Piltown, has been appointed to Carrick on Suir, to succeed Rev. Philip Power, who has been transferred to the former parish.

Died, in Castlebar, on Jan. 27, Catherine, widow of the late Thomas Hughes.

The Rev. J. J. Crowley, C.C. of Goleen, who was released from Cork Jail on Jan. 24, after a detention of seven months, under the Coercion act, has been promoted from the curacy of Goleen to the chaplaincy of the Convent of St. Marie's of the Isle, Cork.

PIOUS "PLON-PLON."

Prince Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte has Concluded to Believe in God and a Hereafter.

This Sainly Personage Not Yet Prepared to Accept Revealed Religion.

[Roman Cor. Liverpool Catholic Times.]

PRINCE JEROME NAPOLEON AND RELIGION.

One of the Paris newspapers has taken a great deal of pains lately to arouse public curiosity by spreading a sensational report of the sudden and fervent conversion of Prince Jerome Napoleon, who is again this season a visitor in the Eternal City. The chief of the Napoleonic dynasty, according to the publication in question, will abjure his *libre penseur* ideas in order to embrace Catholicism, the principal author of this sudden and unforeseen conversion being, the same well informed source assures its readers, Mgr. Payol, the recently revoked superior of the French church in Rome. We are able to give our readers exact details as to this rumor. It is perfectly true that during some time past Prince Jerome Napoleon has shown more respect with regard to religion than was formerly the case. He has been seen to assist at the anniversary offices for Victor Emmanuel and the Duke of Aosta with deep respect. It has also been remarked that there is a considerable change for the better in the Prince's conversation concerning holy religion. But from these consoling signs to perfect conversion, what an immense difference!

JEROME NAPOLEON BELIEVES

in the existence of God, in the immortality of the soul, and in a life to come. He does not as yet admit Christian revelation. He is not yet opposed to the greater part of the teachings of the church. There are, however, some few tenets for which, up to the present, he experiences insurmountable repugnance. As to Mgr. Payol, he was chaplain to Napoleon III, and has always been a respected and esteemed friend of Prince Jerome. They frequently have long discussions upon religious subjects. When his Highness said to Mgr. Payol, "They say you have converted me!" the learned churchman replied, "I should be only too happy, Monseigneur, were the report but true—unhappily we have not come to that yet." Meanwhile, Prince Jerome is busily engaged visiting the Roman museums and churches.

THE POPE AS AN ARBITRATOR.

It is known that the holy father has consented to be the arbitrator between Portugal and the Congo States. Leo XIII is deeply interested in this question, and is naturally gratified by being chosen arbitrator between reigning powers. He studies the matter with his habitual conscientious attention. He holds long consultations with cardinals, diplomatists, advocates, etc., whose opinions he listens to and weighs. All the documents concerning the question which have arrived from Brussels and Portugal are in the Sovereign Pontiff's possession and are carefully read by him.

THE VATICAN OBSERVATORY.

The Vatican observatory, which is under the direction of the Jesuit fathers, is being gradually furnished with all the necessary scientific appliances. This week certain perfected instruments have arrived from Paris and Lyons. The Pontifical Observatory may not possess all those modern aids of science which are accumulated in England and France; the holy father cannot afford all the expensive paraphernalia now used in the study of astronomy, and which often costs hundreds and even thousands of pounds. But though not on a very magnificent scale, yet the Vatican Observatory can hold its rank with similar scientific institutions. The Jesuit fathers employed by Leo XIII are former pupils of the celebrated P. Secchi, who was for so many years director of the Observatory of the Collegio Romano.

THE POPE'S HEALTH.

The pope was slightly indisposed a few days ago and was obliged to keep his room for a day. Happily it was nothing of consequence, for his Holiness recommenced his usual audiences the following morning. The Duchess d'Uzes has been received with cordiality by Leo XIII. It has been said that the lady has come to Rome to arrange for the conversion of a Hebrew, M. Arthur Meyer, director of the newspaper *Gratulois*, and to ask the pope for the necessary dispensation. There is not one word of truth in these reports.

REQUESTS FOR THE SCOTS COLLEGE.

The Rev. Lewis Ferguson, who was born at Edinburgh in 1812, has just died in Vienna, where he resided for many years. He was the founder of two bur-saries in the Scots College for the benefit of his native diocese, and Mgr. Campbell has now received intimation that by his will the bulk of his remaining property is left for the same purpose.

THE ENGLISH CONVENT VIA ST. SEBASTIANO.

On January 19th his Eminence the Cardinal Vicar went to the English convent (Poor Servants of the Mother of God), via St. Sebastiano, Piazzi di Spagna, to say mass and for a religious profession. His Eminence also breakfasted at the convent. Among those present were Mgr. Campbell, rector of the Scots college; Mgr. O'Connell, rector of the North American college; Canon Belton, of the Canons

Regular of St. John Lateran; Prior Glyn, Father Lockhart, Father Whitmee, Dom Jerome Vaughan, O.S.B., the Superior of the Fathers of St. Claudio, Mon. Mrs. Farrell and Miss Farrell, Mrs. Logan, Contessa Kenney, Marchese Claverino, Mr. Quirk, Mr. Chapman, Mrs. Coxon, Miss Schomberg and many others. In the afternoon benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by his Grace, Archbishop Kirby.

FEAST OF ST. SEBASTIAN.

On Tuesday last, the Feast of St. Sebastian was celebrated in the titular church on side the city walls by the Franciscan fathers. After mass, which was sung in the catacombs by the Rev. M. de Villeneuve, the Rev. Father Paulino gave an interesting address on archæology.

INTERESTING CEREMONY AT THE CHURCH OF ST. AGNES.

In spite of the really inclement weather on Wednesday, the church of St. Agnes, outside the Porta Pis, was crowded by strangers visiting Rome. The ceremony of blessing two little living lambs is always a favorite one on St. Agnes' day. These lambs are afterwards presented to the Holy See who reserves the wool for the archbishops' palliums. This year the customs' duty had to be paid for the entry of these lambs into the city just as though they were market beasts!

THE CENTENARY OF ST. ALOYSIUS.

Great preparations are being made throughout Italy for the due celebration of the centenary of St. Aloysius Gonzaga. Sanguine hopes are entertained that the stimulus to Christian virtue given by the celebrations, and especially by the Papal Letter which, as stated in the *Catholic Times* last week, has just been published, will help very materially to diffuse a sound, healthy spirit amongst the rising generation. His Holiness not only urges youth to take as a model the life of this angelic member of the Society of Jesus, but also strongly exhorts teachers to recommend his example in accordance with the intentions of Benedict XIII, who named St. Aloysius the Patron of Youth. The following are the

INDULGENCES GRANTED BY THE HOLY FATHER:

To all and each of either sex who every day during a Triduum and at least five times during a Novena in preparation for the solemnity of St. Aloysius, to be celebrated on the days appointed by the respective ordinaries, and on the day of the feast or on one of the days mentioned, to be chosen at the will of each one, shall, after having duly confessed and received holy communion, devoutly visit some church or public oratory in which the Feast of St. Aloysius is celebrated and shall there earnestly pray to God for concord amongst christian princes, the extirpation of heresy, the conversion of sinners, and the exaltation of Holy Mother Church, is granted a plenary indulgence and the remission of all their sins. Then to those of the faithful who, at least, with contrite heart shall accomplish the devout pilgrimage to the places mentioned, and also to children, according to their capacity, and to their parents who have inscribed their names to merit the protection of St. Aloysius, provided they take part, as above stated, in the Triduum and the Novena, an indulgence of seven years and seven quinquages is granted in the customary form of the church. All and each of these indulgences and remissions of penance may be applied by way of suffrage to the souls in purgatory. The concessions only hold good for this year.

Notice

is hereby given that the stockholders of the Curran Lumber and Brick Dryer Manufacturing Co. will hold a special meeting at the office of the company, Chicago, Ill., on Saturday, March 7, 1891, at 3 p.m., for the purpose of changing name to Curran Dry Kiln Co.

JOHN J. CURRAN, President.

A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its vestibule Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Brenner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

A Girl Worth Having.

After reading Mr. Gray's experience in the plating business, I sent \$3 to W. H. Griffith & Co., Zanesville, Ohio, for a Plater, and cleared \$36 in a week. Isn't this pretty good for a girl? There is tableware and jewelry to plate at every house; then, why should any person be poor or out of employment with such an opportunity at hand.

MARY BRITTEN.

It is dangerous to temper with irritating liquids and exciting soups. Use Ely's Cream Balm, which is safe and pleasant, and is easily applied. It cures the worst cases of catarrh, cold in the head and hay fever, giving relief from the first application. Price 50 cents.

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Reach, the Ribbonman," "Elic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clough," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII—(Continued.)

ESCAPING.

"Eugene! said Frangia, from where he sat holding the cord of the sail in his hand.

"Yes, Frangia."

"It has been a long watch we have had."

"It has. Heaven be thanked! it has been successful."

"I think we may speak now. I may fasten this sail. There is no wind to alter our course. Keep the helm as it is, and anywhere we strike the coast of France will serve our purpose."

"Yes, anywhere. Any place will suit us."

"Eugene, it is a long time since we saw one another. Let me see how you look. Merciful Providence! how ill you seem!—or is it this cold grey light that makes you look so?"

"I suspect I look so—because I am so," said Eugene, gravely. "Twelve months in the hulks is not calculated to improve one's appearance."

"Did they send you to the hulks after your capture?"

"Not then. I stood on Irish ground since."

"On Irish ground?"

"Yes, but was retaken. It is a long story—too long to tell now."

"The hulks have left their story written on your face. You have grown years older—and look very ill."

"A swim from the prison to the skiff, Frangia, was not calculated to improve one whose only exercise for twelve months was confined to a few feet of the deck of a ship. Nor is sitting for hours without stirring, in wet clothes, the best restorer after that exertion."

"Good heavens! Eugene, I had completely forgotten that your clothes were wet. How forgetful of me! But my whole thoughts were upon the sail, my ears for sounds of danger, my eyes for an approaching enemy."

"Speak no more of it, Frangia; I had forgotten it myself. Like you, every sense was absorbed in listening and looking for symptoms of danger. We have had a marvelous run of good luck."

"Marvelous; there is not," said Frangia, "a sail within sight. We have earned whatever there is in this."

He produced the valise referred to some hours before, and drew therefrom a flask, which he opened.

"This is brandy, Eugene, and of the best. The commissariat general who last owned this never expected it would be used by escaping prisoners. Try it. Why, man, you look as if you were swooning. Try this—quickly!"

Eugene indeed felt as if but little more were needed to stop the action of his heart for ever, so thoroughly weak and exhausted was he. The revivifying liquor, untasted by him for twelve long months, sent a sensation of warmth through every vein and fibre of his body.

"There, Eugene; that's better. That brings the color a little back into your face. Change seats, and I shall take the rudder awhile. But first let me introduce you to my companion: Monsieur MacNeven—an Irishman, escaping from imprisonment like ourselves. And now for some of the grateful brandy."

The conversation warmed as the skiff sped along in the opening twilight.

"Now tell me what became of you after our capture, Frangia?" asked Eugene.

"I often wondered what had happened to you."

"So did I of you. The captain, I, and the two men were transferred to the tender, and brought to Plymouth. There I, being a good French writer, and I suppose being too innocent a youth to possess much guile—was employed in translating French dispatches. Captain Phillip and his two friends were put on board a man-of-war."

"How did he turn up tonight?"

"His vessel came in last week to refit, in company with, I grieve to say, some of our liners that had captured in a desperate fight off Ushant."

"We are never destined to be successful at sea," said Eugene.

"I fear not. Some fatality seems to hang over our fleet. Although carrying everything before us on land—"

"Ah! what of affairs in France? How goes the tricolor? What are our armies doing?"

"Doing! What a question to ask Eugene."

"My dear Frangia, remember I have not heard a word from France, nor from the outer world, for a year and a half."

"A year and a half, Eugene! Why the map of Europe has been entirely changed during that time."

"What has happened? Tell me, Frangia! I'm thirsting for news from France. What has happened? Where are our armies?"

"Armies! Everywhere; tramping to victory over every highroad in Europe. Bonaparte—"

"Ay! Bonaparte. What of him?"

"Bonaparte has conquered everywhere. The light of victory has never left his banner. The tricolor with him marches from triumph to triumph. He beat the best Austrian general in Italy, until the

great nation bent to her knees to him at Campo Formo. Castiglione, Bassano, Arcola, and Rivoli, are new names inscribed on our banners since you saw them. He has brought the banners of France within sight of the Pyramids."

"Egypt! He has not gone there surely!"

"But he has. Syrian and Egyptian land is ground hallowed to France since the days of Saint Louis."

"This is marvelous news. What has he done there?"

"Won battle after battle over Saracen and Englishmen, conquered Malta, and made his name famous for all time."

"And the fleet, Frangia?"

"Your arm of the service has sustained many disasters. The old nobility that officered it, when they fled as emigrants, I greatly fear, bore the naval skill and renown of France, with them. At least the newer race of officers do not bear out its old reputation. But the armies have more than made up for this, for their bayonets have carried everything before them, everywhere; and even now Europe echoes to the tramp of our battalions, as they pass over the frontier to further victories!"

"This is glorious news, Frangia. What of Ireland? What became of the expedition, or did it ever sail?"

"The expedition sailed, but met with immense disaster."

"To Bantry Bay?"

"Yes—to Bantry Bay. The seizure of our little craft prevented the destination of the fleet being altered."

"And so they sailed?"

"Yes, and failed to effect a landing. The weather, so calm for weeks before, broke into a hurricane almost before the ships had cleared the passage of the Yrioste, and scattered them completely on the voyage. Not half the expedition turned up at Bantry Bay; and the ships bearing the ammunition—the powder and firearms and cannon—not at all."

"That was very unfortunate."

"Unfortunate!" cried Frangia. "That is hardly the word to apply to it. It is shocking, miserable, disastrous. The furies seemed to be in wait for the fleet to sail to set heaven and earth and sea in motion. It had not fairly got into the open sea when the Seduisant—"

"The Seduisant—yes! I was midshipman once on board of her. What of her?"

"Captured. And the *deuxieme* regiment of infantry—one of the finest in the service—was lost in her. Not a man was saved; not a musket, not a cannon, not an ounce of powder."

"Good heavens!"

"You may well exclaim! The Fates seemed to fight for England—the winds and storms against France."

"And what of Ireland all this time?"

"I can speak but little of Ireland," said Frangia. "It is French matters that have passed exclusively through my hands. But our friend here can give you some information."

"My information," said MacNeven, who had been listening with much interest to this conversation, "is not very recent. It is many months since I set foot in Ireland—since I was arrested. I and the other prisoners were imprisoned in Fort Augustus, Scotland, whence I escaped some weeks since, and made my way through England to this port."

"An adventurous journey!" said Eugene.

"How did you manage to pass through an enemy's country and not get re-arrested?" asked Eugene.

"I had little difficulty," said MacNeven. "If it were not for the way I traveled I should probably have been detected and arrested; but with my violin under my arm I played the entire way. There was but little necessity for explanation with that."

"Not every one has such a fortunate way for traveling as you MacNeven," said Frangia.

"Yes. I paid my way like a nobleman, without a farthing in my pocket. In return for their largesses I entertained the English bores with such strains as never before entered into their half animal souls—the olden Irish love airs or battle marches—soft with melting passion or thrilling with martial ardour; and so I passed from the Scottish border right through the length of England until I came here."

"How did you become acquainted with Frangia?"

"Why, I was perambulating the streets one day, strongly dissatisfied that the faintest opportunity of escape presented itself, when my eyes happened to rest on his face. In a moment I recognized him, although I had never seen him but once, in the council chamber over Neil Dowling's shop."

"Why, now I understand," said Eugene warmly. "I could not remember where I saw you before. It was there."

"I don't remember ever having seen you."

"Why, MacNeven—don't you remember? The 'ambassador' of whom we have talked so much?"

"Wait!" cried MacNeven. "The ambassador. It cannot be."

"It is, nevertheless," said Eugene smiling. "If 'ambassador' you call me."

"Well, I thought I had a good memory for faces, but I should never have known you, you are so much changed and altered! It is a good omen of the future, that we should have met together again."

"That is what I am curious to hear," said Eugene—"how you two met."

"As I told you, I remembered Frangia's face, and took opportunity of making my face, and as we were all anxious to escape, we fixed upon that little skiff of the harbor superintendent's that lay so cozily and invitingly rocking at the harbor mouth. So we stole out last night—never thinking that we should find anyone in the boat before us—least of all you."

"You did certainly astonish us," said Frangia. "I fairly thought my heart would leap through my mouth when you rose like a dark spirit from the bottom of the boat."

"I had need to be pretty quick. There was not much time for explanation, with your cutlass flashing through the dark."

"Ay, Eugene," said Frangia gravely. "You came pretty near it that time. A second later and our friend the ambassador's dreams of escape were over. If my cutlass failed to do its work, MacNeven's pistol—"

"Well, that would have been a last resource," said the latter. "We should have a thousand pursuers before the echoes of the shot had died away."

"At any rate," said Eugene with a smile, "between you both I ran a pretty narrow risk for my life. The only one whose hand did not happen to be raised against me was the captain's."

"Ay, by the way," said Frangia regret-

Gaelic Poetry.

Comhairle do'n Ruisealach.

A Ruisealach mhór an chion mhaol bháin,
Ná cuir aon t-súim a lúibh Logan,
Má chuirf, gan amhras is tu amadán.

Ní fear is lúga eallí san domhan mhór a nocht,
Gan tseachán 'nna cheann 's gan mothugh 'nna uocht,
Oir is dó féin a's ní duitse do dheannan sé locht.

Ní mian dom air aon ehor, fear eatha ded shórt,
'S dá d-tíocfadh lúma, go deimhin do dhóirt.
Fíon fuar uisg' air do cheann maol le coag do spóirt.

Ná cuir uisg' mó suime a bh-foeladh doil;
Leig dóibh nua ndeochas fós do luidhe;
Ní fad do chur im' bréim air bhrógaibh saol.

Tá ár n-Gaedhlig bhocht milte le daonbha gan céill,
Neamh-bhúite, gan fhóghluim aon uelthe san t-saoghal
Acht é do daonbha measamhail do chur faoi neul.

Ní b'áil leo aon fhear thugais níos mó ná iad,
Dá m-béidheadh Naomh Peadar é, fuathóidh iad
Go domhan é, má deantar leis níos nach gní.

Nach truaigh an cá é le teangan ar d-tír,
Go mbeann ar oile 's a g-cómhaidhe 's go síor,
Gan fhóghluim, gan meas 's gan eolas síor.

Tá fear d'obh air t'fóidir Gaeidhlig do scriobh,
Go g-cuiridh an Fúda b'ior-naoithe nua thóibh,
A's é gan aon fhóghluim 's a n-Gaedhlig a riamh!

Tá graimear ag buschallín eile air lúimh
A mhóidh an teanga go socr 's go sámh
A n-dá m'bi do gach duine do gaeidhlig ádhaimh!

A Ruisealach eallí mhaol, nach truaigh an cá,
An meud doineadh bladarach tá fós ag fá,
Chum ár n-Gaedhlig do bhuaibheadh 's do bhualadh le bá.

Dá lúga a g-cuid eolais, dá mhó bhias a n-díth
Air n-Gaedhlig, air Bheurla 's gan teangan air bith,
Dá úsa, dar-le, agriobhfaid canamhail a g-críon.*

M'anam soir-siar agus m'anam soir-dheas,
Acht ríothann m' d'heora mar uisge ó eas,
Oir tá n-Gaedhlig d'a m'leallid le daonbha gan meas.

Acht leannamhóir ríomhail gan aon labhairt leo,
Beidh doithe 'nna n-daonbha m' m'leallid go deo,
'S is ionann do'n n-Gaedhlig a mbás na mbeo.

CARAID AN RUISEALACH.

—Irish-American.

*Canamhail a g-críon, the language of their country.

fully. "I wonder what will become of him."

"He is in a very dangerous position this moment," said Dr. MacNeven. "If the slightest suspicion attaches to him—and I don't see how it can fall to—he will be summarily shot on deck or swung from the yardarm."

"You see, Eugene," broke in Frangia, "we never expected to be forestalled in our possession of the boat, which only carries three."

"So he sacrificed himself for us."

"It is only on a par with his whole conduct. I never knew one so unselfish or so self-sacrificing. But see! What is this bearing down on us?"

Frangia pointed with outstretched hand to where a small two-master came sweeping down upon them at some half a mile distance. Half cutter, half yacht, she came towards them at tremendous speed, the brass cannonade on the poop reflecting the morning rays from its burnished surface.

Her enormous sails spread to their full extent large and extended in comparison with the diminutive size of the craft, that they made her look like an immense sea-sail.

As she came pacing along half on her side, the white cleaving lines of foam swept back from her prow in two lines of glittering light.

A graceful bird of the sea, her swift motion and muffled sound of sail caused an exclamation of admiration from Eugene.

"This one is coming to capture us!" broke out MacNeven.

"She appears to be coming on business certainly," said Frangia, eyeing the approaching craft distrustfully yet intently.

"She seems to wonder what brings a craft of our size in mid-channel, and is going to satisfy her curiosity," said Eugene.

"And see!" interrupted Frangia, "look yonder on the horizon! I shall be much surprised if these are not men-of-war."

"You are right, Frangia. They are men-of-war—English line of battle ships, too," said Eugene, after a keen survey.

"And this confounded pinnace," said MacNeven in much alarm, "is coming from them. What a pity that—"

"You are wrong there; this cutter is French. The English never hang their halyards; it is a trick of our sailors, and a bad one—but they will not give it up. Yes—she is French! But see! there she comes to speak for herself."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

CAMPION—At No. 10 Temple Bar, Dublin, Jan. 25, Ellen, only surviving daughter of the late Edmund Campion, Kilkenny.

DEMOND—At Lisarda, Jan. 23, Julia, wife of Daniel Desmond, aged 70.

DOHERTY—At his residence, No. 61 Shandon street, Cork, Jan. 23, Bartholomew Doherty.

HIGGINS—At No. 52 Patrick street, Cork, Jan. 21, Margaret, eldest daughter of Maurice Higgins, of Queenstown, aged 21 years.

MURPHY—At Carrigrohoid, Jan. 25, Timothy Murphy, late teacher of Canovee National School, aged 71.

O'CALLAGHAN—At his residence, No. 17 Fair hill, Cork, Jan. 26, James, second son of the late John O'Callaghan, aged 18.

O'SHEA—At his residence, Shandon street, Jan. 23, Timothy O'Shea.

O'CONNOR—At the Augustinian Convent, Galway, Jan. 21, the Rev. Francis O'Connor, O.S.A., youngest son of Michael O'Connor, late of 72 William street, Limerick, aged 30.

O'NEILL—At No. 30 Grand Parade, Cork, Jan. 26, James Allen O'Neill, aged 69 years.

JOHNSTON—At Ballykeel, Kilkenny, Jan. 25, R. B. M. Johnston, J.P., aged 37.

MURPHY—At Kellistown, county Carlow, Jan. 25, Ellen, wife of Richard Murphy.

O'CARROLL—At Annbrook, Mayborough, Jan. 27, Ernest Oswald, infant son of John and Cecelia O'Carroll.

REILLY—At The Square, Navan, Jan. 29, Bernard George, fifth son of Thomas and Kate Reilly.

WALSH—At No. 3 Lower Gardiner st., Dublin, Jan. 29, Mary Anne, relict of the late Stephen Walsh, shipbuilder, late of No. 2 Hasover quay.

O'GRADY—At the Convent of the Shepherdess, Aug., 29, 1890, Maria, in religion Sister Mary Ann, Ballinacorney, Ballinacorney, Ballinacorney.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[New York Critic.]

With the causes of the war, the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout the war seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and sometimes luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[New York Nation, July 31.]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and perils encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no real Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMATIC NOVEL.

[Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romantic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SIOUX.

[London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitering party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[Edinburgh (Scottish) Scotsman.]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull."

A FASCINATING STORY.

[Chicago Herald.]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West."

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often aid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[Bismarck Tribune.]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the Times correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

PRICE: Full Cloth, \$3.00; Half Morocco, \$3.50; Full Morocco, \$5.00. For Sale at the office of publication, No. 79 Dearborn-st., Room 30, Chicago, and by all leading Booksellers.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their \$5.00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U.S. Pat. 237,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P.O. Box 178 Brooklyn, N.Y. Write to them to-day.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P.O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. STOCUM, M.C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

GEN. SHERMAN IS DEAD.

In the Fight with Death He Had to Surrender.

HIS END WAS A PEACEFUL ONE.

Surrounded by His Family the Grim Warrior Passed to the Unknown After an Unequal Contest with an Inexorable Fate—His Wishes Were That He Would Be Laid to Rest Beside His Wife at St. Louis—His Life's History.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—Gen. Sherman died at 1:50 p. m. Saturday. Friday it was thought he would recover, but he began to sink early Saturday morning and all hope was abandoned. The end came peacefully. The family were summoned to the



GEN. SHERMAN.

dying man's bedside early in the morning and remained there to the end. Some time before death Gen. Sherman expressed a wish to be buried in St. Louis, beside his wife and soldier boy.

First News of the Death.

The news of the death of Gen. Sherman was conveyed to the reporters by the policeman who stood on guard outside the house. Shortly after 1:50 p. m. a servant came from the house and told the officer that the general had passed away. Some doubt as to the authenticity of the report was expressed, but the officer said it was official. None of the family came from the house. Word was sent in to young Mr. Sherman who returned word that he would not be able to give out anything about the death of his father for two hours. From Secretary Barrett it was learned that Gen. Sherman had remained unconscious to the last, dying with no visible signs of pain.

When the End Came.

The general passed away without speaking to any member of his family, who were gathered about the bed. The four daughters were present and his son, P. T. Sherman, and also the attending physician, Secretary Barrett and some other friends were in the room below. At 2:05 o'clock Private Secretary Barrett went around to the Western Union office and sent off a number of dispatches to Washington. In the dispatches he announced the hour of death as 1:50 p. m. Dr. Alexander left the general's house at 2:15. He said that he had nothing to say further than that he was at the dying general's bedside when he died.

Funeral Arrangements.

The funeral services over the remains of the late general will take place on Thursday from his late residence, although it may be deferred if his son does not arrive that day from Europe on the Majestic. Thursday evening the body will be taken to St. Louis in a special train of three cars. It will be in charge of Gen. Schofield and will be accompanied with a detachment from Post Lafayette G. A. R. No. 140 of this city. The interment will be in the cemetery where his wife was buried. Gen. O. O. Howard will have charge of the remains while being conveyed from the house to the depot. A special ferry boat will be in waiting at the foot of Twenty-third street to convey the remains to the Pennsylvania railroad depot. Undertaker Wrigger arrived at the house at 2:35 o'clock and took charge of the body.

A VALIANT WARRIOR.

Sketch of the Military Career of Gen. Sherman.

William Tecumseh Sherman was born in Ohio, Feb. 8, 1820; graduated at West Point in 1840; served in the Florida and Mexican wars; resigned his commission in 1853; was a banker in San Francisco, and afterward practiced law at Leavenworth, Kan. He was in 1859 appointed superintendent of the Louisiana military academy, but resigned in 1861, when that state seceded; was commissioned as the colonel of a regiment of regular infantry, commanded a brigade at Bull Run, served with distinction in Kentucky, became a brigadier and major general of volunteers, and brigadier general in the regular army. In 1863 he succeeded Gen. Grant in command of the department of the Tennessee, and a few months later in that of the Mississippi.

The March to the Sea.

Gen. Sherman then organized an army of 100,000 men and (opposed by Gen. J. E. Johnston) made a memorable "march to the sea," during which he gained several victories over the Confederate forces, capturing Atlanta (Sept. 2, 1864), Fort McAllister (Dec. 13), and Savannah (Dec. 21). Returning northward by another route, he swept through South Carolina, gained two victories in North Carolina in March, 1865, occupied Goldsborough, captured Raleigh, and negotiated with Gen. J. E. Johnston terms of capitulation. He became a major general in the regular army July 23, 1865, and general of the army in March, 1869, soon after Gen. Grant became president. He was retired in 1884. He has since traveled in Europe and the east, and has published an account of his military operations.

HIS FINAL RESTING PLACE.

The General Expressed a Wish to Be Buried in St. Louis.

St. Louis, Feb. 14.—The following letter from Gen. Sherman was received by Ransom post, G. A. R., over a year ago, and is of interest as it contains the expressed wish of Gen. Sherman to be buried in St. Louis:

NEW YORK, Feb. 9, 1880.—SMITH P. GALT, Ransom Post, G. A. R., St. Louis.—DEAR COMRADE:—Among the hundreds of kind messages which poured in on me yesterday, my 70th birthday, none was more grateful than that sent by you, signed by all the members present of our post, No. 131, of the department of Missouri; grateful in its compliments, honest and sincere in its expression of love and respect, and for me to send only loving

greetings in reply seems to fall short of conveying to you severally and collectively my sense of gratitude. I have again and again been urged to allow my name to be transferred to the roster of some one of the many most reputable posts of the G. A. R., but my invariable answer has been, "No! That Ransom Post has stood by me since its beginning, and I will stand by it to my end, and then that, in its organized capacity, it will deposit my poor body in Calvary alongside my faithful wife and soldier boy. My health continues good, so my comrades of Ransom Post must guard their health, they may be able to fulfill this sacred duty imposed by their first commander. God bless you all."

W. T. SHERMAN.

Funeral of Gen. Sherman.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—The preliminary arrangements for the funeral of Gen. Sherman were made Sunday. It was determined that funeral cortege should form at 1 o'clock on Thursday next at the house in West Seventy-first street and move promptly at 2 o'clock, in order to get the train in season. The funeral service proper will take place at St. Louis.

Congress Notified.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 14.—President Harrison sent a message to congress Saturday afternoon immediately upon receipt of the news of Gen. Sherman's death, informing that body of the sad event. In his message the president paid a fitting tribute to the brave soldier.

Bells Told in Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 14.—Upon receipt of the news of Gen. Sherman's death the bells in the fire tower of the city hall began tolling, and continued for fifteen minutes. Flags at the city and government buildings, patrol and engine houses were at once lowered to half mast.

The News at St. Louis.

St. Louis, Feb. 14.—As soon as the death of Gen. Sherman was announced on the floor of the Merchants' exchange Saturday afternoon, President Marcus Bernheimer prepared a telegram of sympathy, which was signed by all members present and forwarded to New York.

GAVE UP THE BOODLE.

The Money Taken by a Dishonest Money Order Clerk Recovered.

ARKANSAS CITY, Ark., Feb. 14.—Friday morning E. V. Russell, postoffice inspector, of Denver, arrived here. He called at the postoffice, introduced himself and stated he was here looking for a package of stolen money. He then went to the office of the Pacific Express company and presented an order for a box which was there, addressed to P. Poorman, Arkansas City, Kan. He received the box and took it to the postoffice. On opening it Mr. Russell found a coil of money. Inside the coil were some towels and wrapped up in the towels was \$4,900. Some time ago the money order clerk at Ogden, Utah, stole \$5,000. He was arrested, confessed his crime and stated that he had kept \$100 of the money, and the remainder he had expressed here in a box addressed as above. He also gave the inspector an order for the box.

Death of Admiral Porter.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 13.—Admiral David Porter, who has been in failing health for some years, died suddenly at 8:15 o'clock Friday morning at his residence in this city of fatty degeneration of the heart. Dr. Wales, the physician attending Admiral Porter, was hastily summoned to his bedside, but the admiral was dead before he arrived. All of the members of the family were at home at the time of his death. No arrangements have yet been made for the funeral, but they will probably be placed in charge of the navy department. Although death came suddenly it was unexpected by the family.

The Mammoth Mine Disaster.

GREENSBURG, Pa., Feb. 16.—The jury in the Mammoth mine explosion case, after a short deliberation, rendered a verdict in which they say: "While we find that the H. C. Frick Coke company has not been guilty of any neglect in providing comfort and care for their underground employees and miners, we do protest against the employment of fire bosses, mine bosses and pit bosses in any mine who are addicted to the use of liquor. We also believe that there should be an amendment to the mining laws of the state against the working of any mine under water level with any flame or open light, but to compel the lighting of the same by electricity or safety lamps."

The Stuff in Gibson's Bottle.

CHICAGO, Feb. 13.—The coils are tightening around George J. Gibson, the secretary of the whisky trust, who was arrested on the charge of conspiracy to blow up a Chicago distillery. The bottle of fluid found in his grip was proved Friday morning to be something far different from the harmless face-wash some people were desirous to think it. Early Friday morning an experiment was conducted in the presence of all those interested in the case, which resulted in the discovery that the contents of the bottle were of a highly inflammable character, and would ignite when brought in contact with any combustible material.

Parnell Couldn't Get the Funds.

LONDON, Feb. 16.—Legal delays have prevented the proposed transfer of the Irish funds in the hands of Paris bankers. Parnell, on the day that the negotiations with the McCarthyites collapsed, made an imperative demand upon Biggar's executors for the surrender of the money. The demand was refused unless Parnell could furnish the amplest guarantee that the evicted tenants' fund would be made good. He did not meet the requirements to the satisfaction of the custodians of the money, and the deposit remains undisturbed.

Ten Men Injured.

SUSQUEHANNA, Pa., Feb. 16.—A switching engine loaded with men in the yard of the Erie railroad, at West Susquehanna, collided Saturday night with a caboose filled with a freight train crew. Ten men were injured, Conductor Carley and brakeman Martin Griffin, of Port Jervis, were seriously injured. There were several narrow escapes from death.

No Quorum at Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Feb. 16.—In the no-quorum session of the joint assembly Monday there were eighteen members out of the 204 present. The ninety-seventh ballot was taken and resulted as follows: Palmer 11, Lindley 4, Stelle 2, Oglesby 1. Total, 18. The senate in the morning adopted resolutions on the death of Gen. Sherman by a rising vote.

Meissonier had an abiding hatred for Americans. Though they bought his pictures with a generous hand and paid excessive prices for them, his detestation was bitter and outspoken.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

Lively Debate Concerning the Tipperary Riots.

BRUTALITY OF THE IRISH POLICE.

Morley Claims That the Crowd at the Trials Was Entirely Harmless, While the Police Acted With Unprovoked Ferocity—Gladstone Takes Part in the Debate—Morley's Motion Finally Lost.

LONDON, Feb. 17.—One of the liveliest debates of the season took place in parliament Monday night on a motion offered by Morley to censure the government for its administration of the crimes act in Ireland. Morley said that the motion was opportune, inasmuch as two prominent Irish commoners had just passed within sight of the house on their way to prison. The imprisonment of these men was the climax to the Tipperary prosecutions. After seeing the working in Tipperary of the tremendous machine of coercion, his (Morley's) eyes had been opened to the pitch of demoralization to which the agents of the chief secretary had been brought by the fact that the chief secretary was ever ready to defend their every act, right or wrong, and to credit every statement of the police, refusing inquiry as to their alleged misdeeds, no matter how strong the evidence was against them.

Couldn't Do It in England.

Had the same violence been used in England that was exercised by the police, acting under the direction of the Tipperary magistrates, Caddell and every one concerned would have been cashiered. The crowd on that occasion, the opening of the Tipperary trials, was not the dense savage crowd that was supposed. It was a quiet and harmless gathering as he ever saw. The police acted with a violence as ferocious as it was utterly unprovoked. A violence of which any disciplined force in the world ought to be ashamed. The chief secretary, astounded by the exposure of his own agents, had accused him of exaggeration. He (Morley) was ready to attest everything he had stated in court.

Gladstone Goes Into the Fray.

Gladstone accused the government of evading the main accusation against Balfour of assisting to violate the civil rights of the people. To assail the authors of the plan of campaign was no answer to the charge. The counter-charges of riot were part of the practice of the Irish executive in trying to withdraw from jury trial matters that should be tried by jury. But a vote of confidence in the government would not avert its coming doom. Not obscure was the ever-growing evidence that the country was determined that Ireland should soon enjoy the same precious and invaluable liberties as possessed by Great Britain.

Russell Ridicules Morley.

T. W. Russell, Conservative, ridiculed Morley's statement that the Tipperary crowd was harmless. No Tipperary mob had ever before been held up to admiration for its pacific qualities. His amendment to Morley's motion asked the house to vindicate the action of the police. In view of the conspiracy of which Dillon and O'Brien had been convicted, Morley sought to tie the hands of the executive and prevent protection to the friends of law and order in Ireland.

Balfour Stirs Things Up.

The debate was lagging when Balfour arose and then the benches filled up. Gladstone, however, not feeling well, had gone home. Balfour said that at first he was unable to suggest any motive for Morley's motion, but that the session would be incomplete without it. He now found that there was a continuation of the personal dispute between himself and Morley, which appeared to have rankled in his mind since November. [Laughter.] He could not imagine a more trivial ground for a vote of censure than the fact that his secretary happened to be present when a few heads were broken in the Tipperary riot.

Calls Morley a Wire-Puller.

He would not discuss the matter in the indecorous manner in which the opposition did, but the accused never denied that they were guilty of the crime charged to them. Morley having reminded Balfour that some had been acquitted in the conspiracy trial, Balfour retorted that they were acquitted on purely technical grounds, and that moral guilt attached to them all the same. [Cheers.] Balfour attacked Morley for going to Tipperary as a wire-puller—a course which no private councillor had ever taken before. [Loud cheers.] But for his presence the Tipperary riot would not have occurred.

A Drive at "Tim" Healey.

He warmly defended the magistracy and declared that if being subject to abuse was held to disqualify a magistrate the Irish agitators would have raised such a fund of vituperation that the trial would have become impossible. Who, for example, in this house could be selected to try Healey? Was there any one here whom that gentleman had not honored with abuse? [Laughter.] If the government was defeated at the general elections its successors must either adopt the Conservative policy of suppressing boycotting and intimidation, and thus branding their present speeches as open hypocrisy, or Ireland must be given over to anarchy, and the only hope then would be that the criminal organization would be broken up by intestinal conflict. [Cheers.]

The Motion Snowed Under.

Balfour having complained that Gladstone was not present to listen to his reply, Morley informed him that Gladstone was ill. Balfour expressed regret and said he would withhold his intended remarks. In conclusion he said he believed that in the long run political morality would win, and the verdict of the house Monday night would be endorsed by the country. [Loud cheers.] Morley's motion to censure the Irish executive was rejected—320 to 245—a party vote, the Irish members all voting for the motion.

THE WAR IN CHILI.

Government Forces Defeated at Two Points by the Insurgents.

PARIS, Feb. 17.—The Gaulois publishes a Buenos Ayres dispatch which states that the revolutionists have defeated the government forces at Quilota and Coquimbo. The same dispatch reports the insurgents as rapidly increasing in numbers and advancing upon Santiago de Chili, the capital. Only a few towns, the dispatch continues, remain loyal to the Chilean government. The movement of the government troops is greatly retarded by the destruction of railways by the revolutionists. In the capital President Balmaceda

is well supported and is said to feel confident of his ability to repel the insurgents.

Coal Mines Fired.

Apprehensions are felt that the effects of the revolt will prove disastrous to the financial and commercial interests of the country. During the course of the fight at Tarapaca the mines at that place were set on fire and afterwards flooded in an attempt to subvert the flames. The German miners employed in the mines fled into the interior. The work of destruction is supposed to have been done by a landing party from an insurgent war vessel. At Goronol the coal depots have been pillaged by insurgent sailors sent ashore to procure coal for rebel war ships.

A Specimen of Russian Justice.

ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 17.—A Jewish physician named Charsanovitch and the Rabbi Markus, both residing in Grodno, have been arrested and exiled from that province for twenty years. Their offense is said to have consisted in the sending of a petition to the government in behalf of the Jewish community asking redress for an outrage committed by a Russian doctor named Granovski, who is accused of having branded the word "thief" in three languages upon the forehead of a Hebrew lad. The boy was charged with having stolen a small quantity of fruit.

Soldiers Asphyxiated.

BERLIN, Feb. 17.—A whole squad of the Bavarian regiment came near being asphyxiated. The squad is garrisoned at Dieuzee, Alsace. At the roll-call not one of the non-commissioned officers had put in an appearance. An investigation was ordered, which showed that the men were overcome by gas. The One Hundred and Thirty-sixth regiment was summoned and succeeded in rescuing most of the men. Three are dead, twelve are on the point of death, and forty are severely ill.

This Count Is an Unhappy Terror.

BERLIN, Feb. 17.—Count Kleist, who recently attempted to kill Herr Albert, proprietor of a Berlin hotel, and who, was later arrested here for unsuccessfully attempted suicide, was on Friday last liberated from confinement owing to his illness. On Saturday, in excess of maniacal rage, the count fell upon his valet and gave him so unmerciful a thrashing that the latter is now lying in bed with his skull fractured. Count Kleist was re-arrested.

Labor Bulldozery in London.

LONDON, Feb. 17.—The dockers' strike here assumed a very grave aspect Monday. Lightermen who attempted to unload 20,000 frozen sheep have withdrawn, asserting their lives to be in danger from violence threatened by the strikers. At Cardiff the situation is almost equally serious. In consequence of the shipping troubles, New Zealand mutton has gone up 1 penny per pound, and a farther advance is feared.

Done by Expert Americans.

LONDON, Feb. 17.—A clerk named McKenzie, a youth about 17 years of age, was adroitly robbed Monday of a satchel containing £11,500 in Bank of England notes of denominations ranging from £1,000 downward. The thieves were of genteel appearance, in fact, rather dandified, and the police believe that they are expert American criminals. The robbers got clean away.

A Princely Coward and Murderer.

LONDON, Feb. 17.—A dispatch from Warsaw says that Prince Batenski, who murdered a girl of whom he was jealous, has been dismissed from the army and sentenced to Siberia. The prince was given opportunities to commit suicide, after the custom of the continent when an officer falls into disgrace, but he could not summon courage enough to kill himself.

Not Like a French Duel.

ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 17.—A fatal duel with pistols has been fought at the village of Krasno-Solo, near here. The participants were Prince Vatsky and Lieut. Tomonossow, officers of the Imperial guard. Tomonossow was killed. The affair was the outcome of a quarrel between the two men which arose after a supper at which both drank wine freely.

Action of the Anti-Parnellites.

LONDON, Feb. 17.—The McCarthyite section of the Irish national party met Monday in room fifteen in the house of commons. It was resolved to acquiesce in the proposition to devote the remainder of the tenants' relief fund of £36,000 to the benefit of the evicted tenants. It was likewise resolved to institute legal proceedings to secure control of United Ireland.

All the Money Returned.

LONDON, Feb. 17.—The third 1,000,000 pounds in gold of the 3,000,000 pounds borrowed in bullion from the bank of France during the recent Baring-Argentine financial crisis has been returned. As in the case of the first 2,000,000 the gold was returned as received, there having been no necessity to open the boxes.

The Behring Sea Controversy.

VIENNA, Feb. 17.—The Political Correspondence publishes under reserve a rumor that it has been agreed by the governments of the United States and Great Britain to submit the Behring sea question to the arbitration of the king of Italy.

Fighting on the Caroline Islands.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 17.—A private letter from the Caroline Islands gives an account of further fighting between the natives and Spaniards in which the latter were worsted. Last November the Spanish government sent an expedition, consisting of three gunboats and one transport against the village of Metal Lameer. The sailors and troops landed, and after the loss of sixty men made the natives retreat. The Spaniards were reinforced and six days later attacked the natives. The latter were behind a barricade, and were armed with muskets and two small cannons. The Spaniards were badly repulsed with a loss of men.

You Can Wager on a Contest.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 17.—The will of the late Peter Radcliff, senior member of the real estate firm of Radcliff & Gay, was probated Monday and was a disagreeable surprise to his relatives. He leaves one-third of his estate to Miss Esther Mills, a school teacher, of whom the family had never heard. Miss Mills says she was engaged to Mr. Radcliff.

Quarrelled Over a Cake Walk.

ATLANTA, Ga., Feb. 17.—A party of negroes, on their way to church near Petersburg Sunday morning, quarrelled over a cake walk the night before and appealed to arms. Every man had a pistol. Willis Mattix was shot dead, a dozen bullets entering his body. Several other combatants were desperately wounded.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Walter and Teddie Frederickson, aged 6 and 10 years, while coasting at Salt Lake collided with a street car and were so badly injured that both will probably die.

The Tri-State Coal company's factory at Keokuk, Iowa, burned Tuesday, causing a loss of \$75,000; insured for \$60,000.

Two masked men chloroformed Mrs. Lindgren, near Manchester, Iowa, Tuesday, and stole a large amount of school money kept in the house.

At Boston a four masted schooner to carry molasses in bulk is being fitted with tanks of 200,000 gallons capacity.

It is reported that there is serious trouble in the Royal Adelaide, a secret mutual benefit association, with headquarters in Detroit, Mich., and that the order may be dissolved.

An order throwing open 120,000 acres of the Umatilla Indian reservation in Oregon has been issued. The lands are to be sold to the highest bidder April 1.

The old mansion at Appomattox, Va., in which Lee surrendered to Grant, has been purchased by a Niagara Falls, N. Y. company, and will be made a museum for war relics.

Through the efforts of Congressman Clark, Prescott hospital at Appleton, Wis., has received enough of Koch's lymph from Germany for 300 injections.

The lifeless body of David Foley was found in the woods in Dodge county, Wis.

The statement sent from Sioux Falls, S. D., that Bishop Hare had resigned his position for a similar one in Japan is untrue.

Lorenzo D. Bright, at Wheeling, W. Va., was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary for sending obscene matter through the mails.

Herman Hettman became lost in the woods near Laird, Mich., and was frozen to death.

Mr. ("Socksless") Simpson, of Kansas, is working up a scheme of senatorial reciprocity among the farmers and Democrats of Illinois and South Dakota, the plan being to have the F. M. B. A. men vote for Palmer at Springfield and the Democrats to support the Alliance nominee at Pierre.

The contract has been let for the building of the first dam for the improvement and utilization of the big water power of the St. Louis river above Duluth, which changed hands three months ago.

The Nebraska house passed the Australian ballot bill Tuesday without a single dissenting vote. Representative Gale, of Brown county, read a threatening letter from some of his constituents, saying he ought to be hanged for failing to stick to the Alliance party.

The managers of the Iron Iron, Steel and Tin company, of Duluth, announce that the contract for the machinery for the company's tin mill has been let and will be ready when the iron plant is completed the coming summer.

At Emporia, Kan., an attempt was made by an unknown man to abduct Alice Hughes, an 8-year-old girl.

Rich placer deposits of gold were found at Florissant, Colo. Some say the dirt will yield \$10,000 per ton.

With clubs and pistols drawn, Newark, N. J., police dispersed 2,000 jeering strikers outside of Clark's thread mills.

At Lancaster, Pa., Mrs. Sarah Ephraim was burned almost to a crisp by her clothing catching fire from a stove. Her daughter was also badly burned in trying to extinguish the flames.

At Yankton, S. D., all the saloons in the city have been closed, having been forced to do so by recent arrests and prosecutions, and the probability of conviction in every case.

Wednesday 2,500 unemployed men in Toronto, Ont., paraded the streets bearing a flag with the motto: "Bread or Work." Vague threats of violence were made.

By the collision of an express train with a wild engine on the Lackawanna road Tuesday night, two trainmen were killed and several others seriously injured. Two brakemen were also killed by an accident on the Wabash, near St. Louis.

Near Dwight, Ill., the nude body of an infant was found on a railroad track.

A company is about to be formed to bore for natural gas at Bloomington, Ill.

The Portland, Ore., police arrested O. W. Michling, who is wanted in Sac City, Iowa, for forging a \$1,500 check on the Sac City bank.

Charles Dendmyer's eye was torn from its socket by a piece of iron which he was turning at Dubuque, Iowa.

Conductor Corcoran's nose was bitten by Brakeman Mahony recently at Dubuque, Iowa. Blood poisoning has set in and he will die.

Thomas Dellert and William Huddleston, messengers delivering telegrams in suburbs of Portsmouth, Ohio, were mistaken for burglars and shot and seriously wounded by a servant girl.

Mrs. Lee Buckridge, living near Dunbar, Neb., gave her husband a spoonful of sulphuric acid by mistake for cough medicine. His recovery is impossible.

Minnie Taylor was found hanging in a switch house below Beuna Vista, Ohio. She had committed suicide.

The greatest gathering of railroad men ever assembled in Pittsburgh attended the funeral of First Vice President J. N. McCullough, of the Pennsylvania company.

J. M. Hillery, feed and grain, at New York, has failed; debts, \$35,000; assets, contingent, \$75,000.

Canada, in January, 1891, shipped \$33,000 worth more lumber to the states than in January, 1890.

Mrs. Catherine Whalen, oldest settler in Kent county, Mich., is dead.

The California house has passed a bill appropriating \$300,000 for the exhibit at the World's fair.

Rumors which appear to be well founded say that grave robbers are abroad near Des Moines.

The slaying of J. Eldridge Pierce, the absconding secretary of the City Loan and Building company of Wilmington, Del., is figured at \$20,000.

The stockholders of the Sioux City Base Ball club are making a deposit of \$13,500 as a guarantee that they will keep a team in the field during the coming season.

The grand jury at Visalia, Cal., has indicted C. C. Haswell, express messenger, for shooting Fireman Radcliff at the time of the recent train robbery at Alhila. When the robbers ordered Haswell to surrender he opened fire on them, and during the fusillade which followed Radcliff was killed.

Fire at Aurora, Ill., caused a loss of \$100,000, with insurance of \$43,000.

Addresses in favor of woman suffrage were made in the Illinois house by Mes-

sames Helen M. Gougar, Elizabeth Boynton Harbert, and Catherine Vaughn McCulloch.

Betting on the rainfall has been carried on to such an extent in India that the Bombay government has passed an act forbidding it.

J. B. Flett, agent of the Northwestern elevator at Arthur, N. D., was murdered and robbed of \$1,000 in money and a gold watch and chain.

Samuel Morey, who came into prominence during the presidential campaign of 1880

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 21, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

BOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle—Russell's Comedians.**CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.**
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Francis Wilson in "The Merry Monarch."**COLUMBIA THEATRE.**
Marion street, between Clark and Dearborn—Evans & Hoey in "A Parlor Match."**GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Cleveland's Minstrels.**THE AUDITORIUM.**
Corner Wabash avenue and Congress street.—"The Sultan."**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**
W. at Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Joseph Murphy.**HAYLIN'S THEATRE.**
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Little Lord Fauntleroy."**ALHAMBRA THEATRE.**
Corner of State street and Archer avenue—"Nobody's Claim."**WINDSOR THEATRE.**
North Clark and Division streets.—"A Pair of Jacks."**ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**
Halsted street near Madison.—John A. Stevens in "Wife for Wife."**LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.**
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.**NATIONAL PANORAMA.**
Wabash-st. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"PHILO-CELT." City.—The indifference of many of our Irish-American young ladies, who play well and possess good voices, to the music of their fathers' and mothers' country is very often the fault of the parents themselves. When fathers and mothers are afraid, or ashamed, to be Irish, in the sense of sentiment and tradition, it is only reasonable to expect that their children will take after them. The anti-Irish Irish ought to belong to the know-nothings.

"IRISH-CANADIAN." City, says, "I have read the Rev. Robert MacIntyre's Marquette Club speech in last Sunday's *Inter-Ocean*. He was born in Scotland but wants to be called an 'American,' without any prefix. Now, Mr. Editor, what do you call yourself?" Ans.—An American citizen, in the political sense, and an Irish-American in the racial significance. We are just as proud, not prouder, of being Irish as we are of being American. The two titles go well together. "Whom God has joined together let no man put asunder."

"INQUIRER." Buffalo, N.Y.—Your friend is correct. Under the British naturalization law of 1870, any man who is desirous of becoming a British subject, must either have resided in the United Kingdom for not less than five years, or have been in the service of the Crown for a similar period, in order to be eligible. He must also furnish evidence of his intention, when naturalized, either of residing in the United Kingdom, or serving under the Crown. The fees and charges connected with the process amount to \$30. In rare instances, parliament has passed special acts of naturalization, for purposes of "royal convenience" chiefly.

We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy.—Henry Graham.

WILLIAM TUCUMSEH SHERMAN.

A truly great man merely passes away—he never dies. A mystic something remains after him that gives an idea of his immortality. It is the aroma of his fame, perhaps, that banishes the mortuary odor, and makes us fancy that still he lives. Alexander, Caesar, Hannibal, Frederick, Napoleon, Grant, Sheridan, Sherman—some died years ago, and some but yesterday, yet they seem to live and their names have the spell of a living presence. The hosts they led sometimes to defeat, but more often to victory, have molded into the parent dust, or are fast marching upon the ready grave—they will live only in the fame of their generals; and among the leaders who, like the patriots of Greece, "cannot die," shall stand forever William Tecumseh Sherman. Grant emerging with the battered, but ever heroic, Army of the Potomac from the charnel gloom of the bloody Wilderness; Sheridan, whose steed was "shod with fire," shooting like a thunder bolt along the routed ranks in blue and leading them back to a splendid victory, are glorious pictures for the American citizen to contemplate, but equal to those grand pictures is Sherman's girdle of fire around "leaguered Atlanta," and that tremendous march to the sea, under whose fatal tramp the confederacy was "crushed like an egg shell."

William Tecumseh Sherman had oddities, but they were the oddities of genius. He had peculiar methods of expressing his opinions, and dull, plodding men, human machines, often misunderstood him, but the people and the army, which sprang from the people, never did. Sherman, like Lincoln, had the subtle power of swaying

the masses, but, unlike Lincoln, he failed to please the politicians. The latter like to use a great man—sometimes a great man consents to be used for the sake of his country—but, as a rule, they detect him personally. The honest heart, blunt speech and bold scorn of Sherman made him impossible as a national candidate for office. He was born a soldier, and a soldier he died.

In physical appearance Gen. Sherman was more typical of what is called the American proper, than any general of the Union army. Grant was short, thickest and florid; so was Sheridan, only more so; Thomas would have passed for an Englishman anywhere; Joe Hooker looked like a priest in uniform, and Hancock was an exceptionally magnificent looking soldier—the archetype of the military cavalier—but Sherman was tall, thin almost to attenuation, sharp faced, keen eyed and brown bearded—just such a man as never accumulated enough flesh to grow indolent—and, in manner of expression, accent and gesture he was a true representative of the nervous, vigorous, pushing Northern people. This was the man who used the brave Western army as a battering ram through Tennessee, Georgia, and the Carolinas, smashing down all opposition, and finally, after that enormous march from the heart of Georgia to the banks of the James, halting his conquering battalions in sight of the captured rebel capital.

Gen. Sherman was, taken all in all, the most picturesque military figure on either side of the Civil war, excepting, perhaps, Stonewall Jackson—a soldier he greatly resembled in many characteristics. He was "the beloved of damsels and of dames," as well as of the soldiers and the children. Occasionally, from the worldly standpoint, imprudent in expression, the people respected him all the more because he had what is called "the courage of his convictions." He was a fierce partisan, but never brought his partisanship into social relations, and one of those who most deeply mourns him is that Southern Knight with whom he crossed swords so often, and who finally surrendered to him, Joseph E. Johnston.

The remains of the great general will be laid to rest beside those of his lamented wife, in the Catholic cemetery of Calvary at St. Louis. Much unseemly discussion has been raised by foolish bigots over the gallant warrior's religious belief—just as if he had not a right to be what he considered best for the welfare of his soul in this free country. Some of the editors, as well as some of the clergy, have, apparently, grown deranged over the Catholic question. They, evidently, forget that Sheridan was a Catholic, and that Rosecrans is a Catholic. Why should they be more shocked at Sherman becoming a Catholic, if he did become one, than if he became a Baptist or a Quaker? God judges men according to what they believe, not according to what they pretend to believe. Gen. Sherman was a man of decision, as well as a man of conscience. If he believed in the Catholic faith he died in it. If he did not, he died, at all events, a man who loved his God, his country and his kind—three principles taught by the Catholic church and practised by it. When the last great reveille is sounded in the Valley of the Judgment, the patriot, the hero and the victor, for whom the nation so deeply mourns today, will muster, THE CITIZEN believes, on the right hand of the Eternal Judge there to receive the reward due to untarnished loyalty, brilliant courage and conscientious devotion to every duty imposed upon him by the country and the government which he championed.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE.

It has been decided by the Irish American council that there shall be a parade of Irish societies, both civil and military, in this city next St. Patrick's Day. Capt. L. R. Buckley has been elected Marshal of the Day, and to him all who desire to participate in the demonstration are requested to report. There have been two sets of opinions in regard to the propriety of St. Patrick's Day parades in this city for several years. Both sides are, no doubt, honest in their opinions, but both agree that it would be better to have no parade at all than a poor one. Now that the Irish American council has determined on a parade, the council ought to be zealously sustained by all true Irishmen and Irishmen's sons, resident in this city and adjoining districts. The St. Patrick's Day parade is a time honored custom. It has been ridiculed a good deal by over "smart" journalists and others, but still it has its virtues. Without a parade, St. Patrick's Day always looks lonesome.

It is good to see the stalwart forms, and the wholesome Irish countenances on the streets. The green flags and ribbons; the dear old Irish music, even the much berated St. Patrick's Day hat, or chapeau—all these things bring back visions of brown mountains, green hills and golden vales, sparkling wells and rushing streams—the aroma of the heather and the songs of the Irish birds to hearts long famished in sentiment by reason of sordid surroundings. THE CITIZEN is an American, in the sense of citizenship, as any paper in the United States, but it believes, also, in keeping alive the sentiment of love and veneration for the old cradle land of the Celtic race—the widowed and "discreet" Poland of the S.S.s. Americans themselves set the example of filial love for their mother states. We have the Sons of New York, the Sons of Vermont, the Sons of Pennsylvania, and many sim-

ilar organizations, in this city. They fight among themselves, too, occasionally, but they do no harm, and they bring together many friends of boyhood's years, who, otherwise, might never meet to talk over the adventures and escapades of those joyous times, in the vale where the Mohawk gently glides, or among the Green Mountains, or by the woodland banks of the blue Juniata. Why, then, should not Irish-Americans treasure also their early memories of the fair land "where the Barrow and Shannon and Blackwater flow?"

THE CITIZEN sincerely hopes that the coming parade will be a large and creditable demonstration, and that no element of success and strength may be overlooked.

We'll bring the shamrock where we go—
That 'round you rath is growing—
And plant it where the Ohio
In majesty is flowing:
And here, upon St. Patrick's Day,
It yearly shall remind us
Of friends so kind and scenes so gay
That we have left behind us.

BROTHER MACINTYRE'S RACIAL AGONY.

The Rev. Robert MacIntyre, one of Chicago's most gifted Protestant divines, is a good specimen of a Scotch Gael, and is possessed of that genius for pulpit, and other, oratory which seems to be a heritage of all the great branches of his race. The name MacIntyre is quite as much Irish as it is Scotch, but since the Rev. Robert prefers the Teutonic to the Shamrock, let him have his choice by all means. The Rev. Robert has, certainly, most of the gifts of a graduate of the Biarny stone. He knows how to smooth the hair of the sensitive native American in the proper direction, and his denunciation of foreign prefixes to the term "American" is an excellent piece of special pleading. Hear the Rev. Robert on this question in his speech recently delivered before the Marquette Club:

"Now one word more: We foreigners have faith in the future of America. We have come here to abide here, and we believe that the nation is certainly God's nation, and I think I can trace that as distinctly in the history of America as I can in the history of the Jew. There is no doubt about that to me. I therefore wish all foreigners would call themselves Americans, and drop one habit some of them have fallen into of calling themselves British-Americans, Irish-Americans or Scottish-Americans. That sounds altogether wrong to us. The word 'British' and the word 'American' do not go together. I love my native land as I said, but I do not want any man to call me a Scottish-American. I am not a Scottish-American, I am an American. (Cheers and cries of 'Good, good.') Let me explain this. There are two ideas tied together in that hyphenated phrase, 'British-American,' which ought never to be hitched together. They do not belong together, they expel each other, just like darkness and day. There are two standard political ideas in the world. The word British stands for one and the word American stands for the other. They are the reverse of each other. They are the monarchical idea, which is that a certain class are born anointed to rule. That is the monarchical idea. That is the British idea. That is the German idea. That is the Austrian idea. That is the idea of all European powers. The other, the American idea, is that no class is especially born to rule, but that the people are born to rule themselves through properly appointed representatives. Now you see those two ideas can not live in this country together. There is not room enough in this world for those two ideas to exist, and the aristocrats understand that: they understand that if America lives they must die. They know the world is not big enough for both of those ideas, and that one or the other will inevitably prevail, and as long as we exist we are a menace to them. We mean their death. I have heard people talk about war with England—why, we are at war with England every day we live. Not a war of bullets or bayonets, but a war of ideas. Our idea and theirs can not both exist in this world at one time; one or the other must hustle out. (Applause) Now, think of a man who ties the word British and the word American together and calls himself a British-American. A man might as well call himself a conservative radical; a Protestant Roman Catholic. The ideas are entirely different. Of course the citizenship which the American possesses has come out of the citizenship which he had over there, just for instance as the butterfly comes out of the caterpillar; but the butterfly doesn't go round the country saying 'I am a caterpillar-butterfly.' (Applause) You never heard a bull-frog say 'I am a tadpole-bull-frog.' When it passes the tadpole stage it is willing to have that part of it forgotten. I desire to be known only as an American."

There is much that is true in the foregoing utterances of Brother MacIntyre, but there is also much that is absurd. Brother MacIntyre may call himself an American all he pleases, but a certain proportion of the natives of the soil will, in spite of himself, regard him, as a simple Scotchman. So long as Mr. MacIntyre remains respectable and preaches the Gospel to admiring congregations, his assumption of Americanism may not be called in question, but let him take too much quinine, and get excited once in a while, and how quickly his original nationality will be sprung upon him! This reminds us of the case

of John L. Sullivan, when he went to fight Mitchell. John L. was born in Boston, and can call himself an "American" with perfect propriety. So long as he is winning, the American editors always claim him as a true born Yankee. Thus, before the encounter with Mitchell in France: "The American champion is in fine condition," they would write. "The Englishman is hardly up to the mark." After Mitchell succeeded in getting away from Sullivan, the sporting editors, holding that John L. was technically defeated, would say: "The English champion victorious." "The big Irishman worsted," etc. In fact Sullivan was not again recognized as an "American" until after he had whipped Kilrain.

So it goes all around, Brother MacIntyre. Phil Sheridan is always claimed as an American, which he really was; but if Phil Sheridan had become an obscure storekeeper in Somerset, Ohio, he would have been considered "a mere Irishman."

No, Brother MacIntyre—nothing can make you an American pure and simple, because you happened to be born in Scotland. You are simply an American citizen, Brother MacIntyre, just as we and millions of others born on the other side of the ocean are. We are just as faithful to the republic as the natives are, Brother MacIntyre, but all the same, if either of us should tread on the corns of native prejudice, good brother, you would be "a bloody Scotchman," and we would be "a bloody Irishman" for the time being. There is no use in "battering up" the natives too much. America has done a good deal for "the foreigner," but "the foreigner" has done a great deal for America also. As a matter of fact the oldest kind of native American, barring the Indian, may be described as a person whose great grandfathers were either an European immigrant or a kidnapped African.

There is no shame in being called a Scotch-American, or a German-American, or any other kind of an American, except an Anti-American. In the latter sense Brother MacIntyre's objection to the term British-American is well taken. There are many Anglo-Americans, but that term has a racial, not a political, significance. In short, dear Brother MacIntyre, you may as well make up your mind to invoke God's blessing on the Duke of Argyll during the rest of your life. Scotland is a country of ancient renown and ought not to be lightly denied. Never go back on your mother's people, Brother MacIntyre, because it will profit you nothing. You may break, you may shatter the "Mac," if you will, but the down of the thistle will hang 'round it still.

A WORD OF WARNING.

It will not do for Irish-Americans to grow discouraged because the Irish factions are still waging war upon each other across the ocean. Mr. Parnell has done all that could be expected from him in trying to compose the quarrel, but some of the Healyites, including the redoubtable "Tim" himself, seem to be implacable. Meanwhile, until the gentlemen on the other side of the water come to their senses, Irish-Americans would do well to keep a tight grip upon the monetary supplies, unless the cash should be especially needed for the relief of distress or for the sustenance of tenants evicted under the Plan of Campaign policy. If Mr. Parnell should say that money is needed for such purposes, THE CITIZEN will certainly not advise its readers to refuse him; but any money given for exclusively agitational policy, so long as the present conflict exists, would be, in its opinion, simply thrown away. Bandy- ing of epithets may appear smart and playful to Mr. Healy and some others of his way of thinking, but the wider they make the breach between themselves and Mr. Parnell, the less chance will they have of obtaining financial support from their kindred in the United States. Irish-Americans are sick and tired of faction fighting.

JOHN SHERMAN RESUKES BIGOTS

Senator John Sherman, brother of the lamented general, is a great American also, and is not afraid to administer a dignified rebuke to religious bigots, as will be seen by the following letter addressed by him to the editor of the *Know-nothing New York Times* on the 13th inst, just preceding General Sherman's death:

"Gentlemen: A paragraph in your paper this morning gives an erroneous view of an incident in General Sherman's sick chamber, which wounds the sensitive feelings of his children, now in deep distress, which, under the circumstances, I deem it proper to correct. Your reporter intimates that advantage was taken of my temporary absence to introduce a Catholic priest into Gen. Sherman's chamber to administer the rite of extreme unction to the sick man in the nature of a claim that he was a Catholic. It is well known that his family have been reared by their mother, a devoted Catholic, in her faith and now cling to it. It is equally well known that Gen. Sherman and myself, as well as all my mother's children, are by inheritance, education, and connection Christians, but not Catholics, and this has been openly avowed on all proper occasions by Gen. Sherman; but he is too good a Christian and too humane a man to deny to his children the consolation of their religion. He was insensible at the time and apparently at the verge of death, but if he had been well and in the full exercise of his faculties, he would not

have denied to them the consolation of the prayers and religious observances for their father of any class or denomination of Christian priests or preachers. Certainly, if I had been present, I would, at the request of the family, have assented to, and reverently shared in an appeal to the Almighty for the life here and hereafter of my brother, whether in a prayer of extreme unction, and whether uttered by a priest or preacher, or any other good man who believed what he spoke and had an honest faith in his creed. I hear that your reporter uttered a threat to obtain information which I can not believe you would for a moment tolerate. We all need charity for our frailties, but I can feel none for any one who would wound those already in distress. Very truly yours, JOHN SHERMAN.

THE 113TH ANNIVERSARY.

The 113th anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet will be celebrated at Central Music Hall on the evening of March 4. The chair will be occupied by Mr. M. P. Brady, and the Hon. Marcus Kavanagh, ex-circuit judge of the Des Moines, Ia., district, and other distinguished speakers, will address the gathering. There is also a lengthy and varied musical and literary programme, for which the very best local talent has been secured. It is expected that the demonstration will be in every way worthy of the occasion.

GEN. SHERMAN DIED A CATHOLIC.

The Rev. Father Thomas Sherman, son of the departed general, arrived in New York last Thursday morning, and conducted the services over the remains of his father, according to the ritual of the Catholic church. Interviewed by a representative of the Associated Press, Father Sherman said: "My father was baptized in the Catholic church, was married in the Catholic church, and attended the Catholic church until the outbreak of the civil war. Since that time he had not been a communicant, but he always said to me: 'If there is any true religion it is the Catholic religion.' A week ago today my father received absolution and extreme unction at the hands of the Rev. Father Taylor. He was unconscious at the time, but this fact has no important bearing, for the sacraments could be administered to any person whose mind could be interpreted as desirous of receiving them." The statement of Father Sherman sets the controversy relative to the general's religious belief at rest. However the bigots may gnash their teeth over it, William Tecumseh Sherman died a Catholic.

SCOTCH CELTS AND PROF. M'KINNON

The subject of Scotch Gaelic, its recent distortion, and the causes that led to its being distorted, form such an extraordinary politico-linguistic episode that it would hardly be fair to such of our readers as take an interest in such matters, to dismiss the subject with one article. Besides, owing to the address of the Gaelic Society of New York to Mr. MacKinnon and the Scotch Highlanders in general, having been published in the *New York Sun*, as well as in a dozen of other papers on both sides of the Atlantic, the matter has got a publishing which it never had before, and people will want to know all about it.

The proofs that Scotch Gaelic was distorted for political purposes, and that the distortion was inspired by the English government, are so overwhelming that no honest person can for a moment doubt them. To fully understand the influences that led to the most extraordinary linguistic episode in the history of any ancient or modern nation, we must go back to the times in which it took place.

The Hanoverian dynasty was by no means firmly fixed on the British throne in the middle of the last century. A vast majority of the people of England, and perhaps of Scotland, were loyal to it; but the Irish and Highland Scotch were almost to a man, united in their love for the Stuarts and in their hatred for the foreign family, a member of which filled the English throne. But the so-called disloyalty of the Irish and Highlanders was a small matter compared with the facts that the lawful heir to the British throne, although defeated and in exile, was still alive, and was backed in his "pretensions" to it by the then most powerful nation in the world. The "Pretender" was no pretender at all, but the legitimate heir to the British throne. If he had been defeated at Culloden, his political friends, backed by the same race that was defeated in Scotland, were able to win a great victory in the Netherlands. If the Saxons could gloat over Culloden, the Celts could glory in Fontenoy. It was the same race, speaking the same language, that bore the brunt of both battles, and up to the time they were fought they had looked on each other as one people, separated by only a few miles of sea.

In spite of the disastrous defeat of Culloden the memory of the terrible events of which it was the termination, filled England with dismay. The inconceivable audacity of less than ten thousand Highland Scotch attempting to cut their way through the heart of England and to capture London, was the boldest military idea that had ever, perhaps, been put in practice on European soil since the time of Leonidas and his three hundred. The Highlanders were defeated, but they showed the stuff they were made of. There were three millions of people in Ireland their brothers in race also one in language, who were ready to rush to arms on the slightest appearance of success in

the cause of Charley Stuart. These two branches of the "Sea divided Gael" had been, for a thousand years before the time of the "Pretender," bound together by the ties of a common language; their traditions, habits, and everything else that goes to complete the national unity of a people, were the same.

The number of Gaelic speaking inhabitants in Ireland and Scotland in 1750 was fully three times as great as at present. Up to that time they had been friends; even the bitterness and turmoil caused by the Reformation, had not quite broken down the old friendship that had so long existed between them. Thousands of Highlanders espoused the cause of Charley Stuart; he was still alive; another attempt to regain the crown that belonged to him by right, might be made; the Jacobite Scotch and the Jacobite Irish might make another attempt to drive out the German dynasty that ruled England, and the question with English statesmen was, "How can Irish and Scotch Jacobites and Papists be disunited?" Very likely that the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel put the idea of the confusion of the language of the Gaels of Ireland and Scotland into the heads of the friends of the Anglo-German dynasty, and the haters of Celts in general.

Why had not the Gaelic language been changed in Scotland until the time of trouble caused by a war that was a danger to England? Why were all the religious books, hymns, homilies, and prayers of all kinds that were printed in Gaelic in Scotland up to 1750 or 1760, printed in the Irish language? Why was it that a single page of what is known as "Scotch Gaelic," never was printed or written before the dates specified? These are questions that every one desirous of knowing the truth about this matter should ask himself. It is also a curious incident that MacPherson's forgeries, that distort Irish history, and make Scotchmen of Irishmen, made their appearance just at the time that the bran new language called "Scotch Gaelic" was ushered into existence.

If Scotch Gaels do not desire their names to go down to posterity weighted with a great load of infamy, they should take immediate steps to undo what some unscrupulous men among them did a hundred and fifty years ago at the bidding of England. If the fact that an ancient and polished language, as fixed in its orthography and grammatical forms as almost any other language in the world, and containing a copious and unique ancient literature, was distorted and marred for political ends, gets fully known to European savants, it will raise such a storm of indignation as every Scotch Celt must wince under. It is sad to have to say that in spite of the courteous language of Mr. MacKinnon's letter which will be found in the last issue of THE CITIZEN, he shows no disposition either to acknowledge the violence done to his mother tongue in the past, or to bring it back to its former purity in the future. To make the Gaelic they write as different as possible from the Gaelic of Ireland, seems his and his countrymen's principal object. R.

DEATH OF ADMIRAL PORTER.

The death of Admiral D. D. Porter, of the United States navy, which occurred suddenly at Washington, D. C., on the 18th inst. has removed another great figure of the Civil war from earthly scenes. Admiral Porter was to Farragut what Sheridan was to Grant, and his many brilliant naval exploits will live forever in the annals of the republic. The most daring, as well as the most successful, deed of his fine career was the running of the batteries on the Mississippi river at Vicksburg, when Grant determined on his bold maneuver of changing base from north to south of the beleaguered city. The admiral was well advanced in years at the time of his death. Although he had been for some time in failing health, few expected the end so soon. The immediate cause of dissolution was fatty degeneration of the heart.

JOSEPH MURPHY AT THE HAYMARKET.

Mr. Joseph Murphy, the successful and inimitable Irish comedian, will begin a week's engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, West Madison, near Halsted street, with a matinee performance tomorrow, Feb. 23, and will finish on Saturday evening, Feb. 27. The plays presented will be the ever welcome "Shawn Ruah," the thrilling "Donagh," and the stirring "Kerry Gow," in all of which Mr. Murphy has delighted the American public during many seasons. Those who are desirous of seeing this finished actor again before he takes his vacation of a year across the Atlantic, during which he will visit Ireland and secure material for new presentations, have the opportunity afforded them. Mr. Murphy has had no rest for eighteen years, and his family insist that he shall have a reasonably long one. He has drawn the largest houses of his career during the present season, and his return two years hence will be hailed with delight by thousands of his admirers in this city.

Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien are at present enjoying Mr. Secretary Balfour's hospitality in Clonmel jail. It is thought they will be kept there for the full term of six months to which they were sentenced.

WEBSTER'S International Dictionary of the English language, edited by Noah Porter, D.D., L.L.D., of Yale University, and published by G. & C. Merriam & Co., Springfield, Mass., is the finest work of the kind ever issued from an American press.

PARNELL AND CLARE.

The Parliamentary Leader Delivers a Stirring Address at Ennis.

Some Bold Prophecies and Patriotic Congratulations.

Mr. Parnell addressed a large and enthusiastic meeting at Ennis on Sunday, Feb. 1. He was greeted with loud and prolonged cheers, again and again renewed when he came forward. He said:

Men of historic Clare, Galway and Limerick, and last, but not least in my heart and affections, people of gallant little Ennis (cheers)—I have to say to you that I am proud to be here in the midst of this great and patriotic multitude. To attempt to tell you how much your welcome spurs my heart and inspires my courage, to describe to you how your reception today strikes a chord in my memory of the long bygone years when I stood upon this platform, would be impossible for my powers. I am reminded that I have spoken oftener and have been received more warmly in this square than on any other spot of Irish soil (cheers). There are memories, sweet, magnificent, triumphant memories which the place recalls to my mind; how in 1879 I won my first important victory here; how in 1879 we commenced a great campaign of the Irish Land League here; and how at every opportunity Ennis and Clare from that day to this have stood faithful and unflinching to the cause of Ireland, to the principles of Irish nationality and of legislative independence (cheers).

THE PROMISES
that were made to the people of Ennis and of Clare in 1879—if this was the time to recall them—I could show you have been fulfilled, and I stand to ask you to believe that these promises which I shall make today will in the same way, in the letter as well as in the spirit, be amply fulfilled (cheers). Our programme and plans of 1879, although they then seemed ambitious, and to many hearts and minds almost impossible, have been completely and fully carried out. That was a small programme; it was a limited platform, and today we stand without doubt, and with the fullest confidence in the strength of our position, on the threshold of real legislative independence for our native country (cheers). It was sought to intimidate and coerce you by the conjuring up of spectral chimeras, panics, and fears. You were told that if you held fast by the right, which is the initial right of Irishmen, to choose their own leader, the cause of the evicted tenants and of Irish legislative independence will be endangered, postponed, and in all probability lost. You have refused to be intimidated by such phantasies and imaginations of disordered brains and cowardly intellects, and you have shown every enemy of Irish national rights, every pretended friend of her cause, every coward and traitor in our ranks, that Ireland will submit to no force, that she will refuse to be guided by any traitor or traitor mongers (cheers), and that knowing the strength of her own position, and above all knowing what she wants, and being determined to obtain it.

SHE WILL FIGHT THIS BATTLE OUT
as long as an Irishman remains on Irish soil to fight it (cheers). Fellow countrymen, that has been your magnificent attitude, an attitude which has gained you the respect of the nations, and of English parties, and which has lifted the pusy ideas of English Radicals, and put it out of their power to crib, cabin and confine the aspirations of the Irish people within the narrow bounds of their parochial politics and ideas. Your attitude has shown the world that Ireland now, as always, stands fast to her claim to be sovereign within her own kingdom and country; that she refuses to admit any English veto; that she declines to obey the orders, so far as her own business is concerned, of any Imperial or English minister, taskmaster or dictator; and that while we were, and always will be ready to give every guarantee that, with the concession to Ireland of her legitimate freedom and legislative independence, no harm can possibly result to the great Imperial interests of England; so, on the other hand, Irishmen and Claremen are determined that the solution, if it is to be accepted as a treaty of peace between the two nations, must be a real one (cheers), must be a lasting one, which will settle this question once and forever (cheers), and one which will leave the people of Ireland supreme in the management of our own country and of our own business (cheers). That, fellow countrymen, has been

THE VOICE OF IRELAND,
declared in no uncertain tones from Cork to Ennis within the last six weeks, and the voice has been sanctioned, accepted and indorsed by the declaration of the poll at the Hartpool election. The story that is to be told today is the same, and the result is the same as that which has always attended the exertions of men who know their own mind and possess hearts and courage, and who refuse to be diverted from that which they know to be vital for the interests of our future nation (cheers). You have won, and, as I told you truly in 1880 that you would win, so in a few days you will know the truth of my declaration now (cheers), that you have won a settlement of this question, which will be everlastingly creditable to your patriotism, and you will be able to work for and to build up your nation, the future Irish nation, upon a secure and firm foundation. You have won a legislative independence and a parliament which will not be a mock or a puppet body, but which will possess a real power to protect the interests of every class amongst our people, which will have a power, if need be, to settle the great Irish question, which the Imperial parliament has been tinkering at during the last nine years; which will secure that which I told you in 1880 it was necessary to secure before you could stand erect as freemen in your own country (cheers), the disarmament of the Royal Irish Constabulary

(buses), and its conversion from a military into a civil force, and its transference of the control to the civilized and christianized condition of the elected representatives of the Irish people (cheers). Such a parliament, my friends, will have the power to secure and protect the interests of the Irish laborers, and promote and foster Irish industries, so that the artisans may increase and multiply and devote their million talents to the pursuit of those trades in which they so wonderfully excel in every other country where they are driven from their own country (cheers). Under such a parliament Ireland will realize her national aspirations and will

REFUSE TO BE A PROVINCE.
Ireland has been a nation, will be a nation, and will live a nation, and our future parliament must be a national parliament (cheers). For this, fellow countrymen, I have fought for many long years (cheers), not for my own position (renewed cheers), and I do not fight today for my own position, but for the legislative right of Ireland I still fight today (cheers), and you and I will continue the struggle together for these rights until we have got them, and when we get them we will keep a firm grip upon them (cheers). Now, fellow countrymen, I have touched upon no personal topics. This meeting today shows me that you have been willing to leave the issue of the question to my own honor (cheers), and in my hands, and just as always, I only ask to be judged by results, so today at the foot of this statue, I ask the men of Clare and Ireland to have patience and judge me by results (prolonged cheering).

IRISH NEWS NOTES.
The Great Southern & Western Railway is spending \$200,000 on a new terminal in Cork, to be completed in 1892.

The funeral of the late Judge Lefroy took place on the 4th inst from Ardmore, Bray, to Mount Jerome cemetery, Dublin.

Mr. George Wright, Q.C., has signified his willingness to contest the city of Cork in the Unionist interest at the general election. The other Unionist candidate will be Mr. H. L. Young.

The Limerick Catholic Literary Institute, founded some years ago by Bishop O'Dwyer, was destroyed by fire on Jan. 31, damage to the extent of \$10,000 being done. The amount is partially covered by the insurance.

The Very Rev. Father Coveney, O.P., who has been prior for the last six years of St. Saviour's, Glentworth street, Limerick, has been elected prior of St. Saviour's, Drogheda. The Very Rev. Patrick McCormack, O.P., succeeds Father Coveney as prior of St. Saviour's, Limerick.

The month's memory of Dean Quinn, P.P., was celebrated in St. Mary's, Beragh, the chapters being the Rev. Father Clarke, C.C., Ballinaderney, and the Rev. Father McNeese, C.C., Armagh. At the conclusion of the office a requiem mass was celebrated by the Rev. E. Shortt, C.C., Beragh. The Rev. M. Loughran, P.P., officiated as master of ceremonies.

Miss Via Gray, youngest daughter of the late Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, M.P., and Miss Kate Gill were received at St. Mary's Convent, Waterford, recently, the Most Rev. Dr. Egan, bishop of the diocese, officiating. Miss Gray's name in religion is Sister Edmunda Pallomana. Both of the late Mr. Gray's daughters are now nuns, the elder being an Irish Sister of Charity. Miss Gill is the daughter of Ald. Gill of Dublin.

At the month's memory for Father O'Connell, in the parish church, Newmarket, recently, the Very Rev. Canon Denehy, the vicar of the deanery, presided. Rev. D. Lynch, P.P., Lisgoold, nephew of the deceased, celebrated the requiem mass and gave the absolution. Father O'Callaghan, C.C., Blarney, acted as deacon, and Rev. P. M. Lynch, C.C., Queenstown, as sub-deacon. The Rev. D. O'Mahony, C.C., Kanturk, was master of ceremonies.

The anniversary high mass and office for the repose of the soul of the Very Rev. M. J. Sinnott, P.P., was held in the Pierce town church on Tuesday, Jan. 27, the Most Rev. Dr. Browne, bishop of the diocese, presiding. Celebrant of the high mass, Rev. P. M. Furlong, P.P.; deacon, Rev. T. A. Roche, C.C.; sub-deacon, Rev. A. Forrester; master of ceremonies, Very Rev. P. D. Kehoe, O.S.B.; chanters, Rev. J. O'Connor, C.C., Barnstown, and Rev. W. Kehoe, C.C., Caro.

There has been a repetition of the open air preaching at Arklow by the Rev. Mr. Hallows and Rev. Mr. Harrison with the usual result—disorder and disturbance.

At a children's concert in the school room attached to the Shannon Convent, Ennis, recently, an incident occurred which only for the presence of mind of the Rev. Father Buser and some of those present might have been attended with serious results. The Sisters of the establishment, it seems, inaugurated a miscellaneous entertainment for the pupils, at which phantoms were used. While the phantoms were being ignited the vessel containing it fell on the carpet on the stage. Father Buser at once made his way to the stage, and divesting himself of his coat flung it on the flames, which showed signs of extending. With the aid of some of the other priests, and Sergt. Fitzpatrick, who fortunately was present, Father Buser succeeded in extinguishing the fire, and in restoring order among the audience.

Brother J. D. Burke (assistant to Bro. Maxwell, superior general of the Irish Christian Brothers), who was for many years superior of the Community of Our Lady's Mount, Cork, and associated with the direction of the Christian Schools, was recently made the recipient of addresses from the citizens and also from the past and present pupils of the schools. The presentation took place in one of the large schools at Our Lady's Mount, which was filled with pupils and a number of prominent citizens. The address from the citizens is the work of Mr. Hugh Chard, and contains an admirable portrait of Brother Burke. In connection with this Brother Burke was presented with a check for \$120. The pupils' address was executed

by Mr. W. Brennan, B.A., a past pupil. It contains views of the Lady's Mount Schools, the Monastery, and the Science Hall. In addition to presenting an address the past pupils have subscribed a sum to provide an annual prize, to be called "The Brother Burke Prize," to be competed for at the schools.

Mr. Thomas Cairns, director of the Drogheda & Castleblinham Brewery, has given \$5,000 for the construction of workmen's dwellings in Drogheda.

An elderly woman named Hurley was returned for trial at the next Cork assizes for assaulting Dr. T. B. Moriarty, surgeon of the Cork Female Prison.

At a full meeting of the Newry Parnell Leadership Committee held on Feb. 5 Mr. E. A. Lamb presiding, it was decided that a public demonstration be held in Newry at the earliest date that Mr. Parnell can attend. Letters were read promising active co-operation from the Nationalists of South Down and South Armagh.

At Tulla, county Clare, on Feb. 5 a victualer named McNamara, while returning from the Scariff fair, was seriously stabbed by his workman, named Walsh. Walsh was remanded to Limerick Jail.

James Hickey, of Castletownroche, a miller, trading as Maurice Hickey & Son, has been declared bankrupt.

Two brothers named Fitzgibbon, residing at Cragaloon, near Crossbarry, were arrested on Feb. 4, for having arms and ammunition in their possession.

The Attanagh, Queen's county, races were held on Feb. 5. The weather was perfect and the sport good.

Dr. Denehy, Lismore, is suing Mr. James Daly, P.L.U., Ballyduff, for \$2,000 damages for alleged libel.

Ald. Patrick Casey Connolly, J.P., Drogheda, was married on Feb. 5 at St. Mary's church, Leek, Salfordshire, to Miss Charlotte Fairhurst Thompson, of Horton Lodge, Rudyard, and Ardwick, Manchester.

Lipton's provision market and James Fitzsimons drapery establishment Newry, were destroyed by fire on Jan. 30. Loss \$12,000 to \$15,000.

On Feb. 13 sixteen men many of them for the sixth time were conveyed by mail train to Castlebar Jail for having refused to give evidence at the star chamber inquiry at Castlebar. Following are the names of those who have been committed for the sixth time: William Pritchard, James Creighton, Martin Byrne, Thomas Samply, John Corcoran, Patrick Corcoran, Patrick Duffy.

The Rev. Father McAndrew, P.P., recently translated to Athenry from Letterfrack, where he has been many years parish priest, having requested the bishop, owing to ill health, to permit him to return to his old parish, his Grace at once acceded to the request of the good priest. Father Canton, P.P., who had been the zealous and devoted administrator of the parish of Tuam, and was appointed P. P. of Letterfrack, has been transferred to Athenry.

The following statistics have lately been published:

Town.	Population.	Numbr Public Houses.
Ennis.....	6,300	100
Castleblinham.....	800	31
Portlanna.....	1,110	36
Portlanna.....	1,110	36
Portlanna.....	1,110	36
Portlanna.....	1,110	36
Portlanna.....	1,110	36
Portlanna.....	1,110	36
Portlanna.....	1,110	36
Portlanna.....	1,110	36

James Fitzgerald, Charlestown, Mayo, died on Jan. 23.

John Carmody died on Jan. 24 at the residence of his son in law, Patrick Devine, Upper Castle street, Tralee, having attained the patriarchal age of 104 years. He was born at Irremore, near Causeway, and maintained his faculties to the last. He was father of the Very Rev. T. Canon Carmody, P.P., Castleblinham, and the Rev. James Carmody, C.C., Castleblinham.

Following is the return of men and horses employed for the week ending Jan. 31, in compliance with the Light Railways (Ireland) act of 1889:

RAILWAYS.	Minimum on any day.		Maximum on any day.	
	Men.	Horses, etc.	Men.	Horses, etc.
Donegal-Killybegs.....	15	475	4	15
Ballina-Killybegs.....	21	330	4	22
Westport-Mallacross.....	68	747	22	83
Glenties-Closedown.....	13	724	19	14
Killybegs-Velje.....	18	498	18	12
Headford-Kemare.....	203	22	210	2
Killybegs-Baltimore.....	39	319	18	349
Bantry-Kesh.....	54	161	6	111
Downpatrick-Ardara.....	68	135	6	94
Colington-Cleburne's.....	62	1845	1	84
Total.....	229	5340	91	281

OBITUARY.

JOHN MEAGHER.
Mr. and Mrs. James Meagher, No. 498 South Morgan street, have been afflicted in the death of their beloved son, John, who died, after a brief illness, at the family residence, on the 7th inst. The boy was in his 13th year. Mr. and Mrs. Meagher lost another promising son, James, who had just completed his 17th year, and was about to graduate from St. Ignatius College, about two years ago. THE CITIZEN deeply sympathizes with Mr. and Mrs. Meagher and the surviving members of their family.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. John W. Morely, of No. 66 Henry street, Chicago, sailed per steamship City of New York for Westport, county Mayo, Ireland, last Wednesday.

To the question, Which is your favorite poem? there may be a great variety of answers; but when asked, Which is your favorite blood purifier? there can be only one reply—Ayer's Sarsaparilla, because it is the purest, safest, and most economical.

Man is often deceived in the age of a woman by her gray hair. Ladies, you can appear young and prevent this grayness by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

THE CHILDREN'S HEALTH must not be neglected. Colds in the head and snuffing bring on catarrh and lung affections. Ely's Cream Balm cures at once. It is perfectly safe and is easily applied into the nostrils. It also cures catarrh, the worst cases yielding to it.

E. Shea, Merchant Tailor
No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

"IRISH NATIONALITY."

Full Text of the Stirling Article in "United Ireland" Which Created Such Comment in the British Press.

The Creed of Thomas Davis Boldly Affirmed.

[United Ireland, Feb. 7.]

WHAT ARE WE STRUGGLING FOR?

At a time like the present, when so many Irishmen appear willing and anxious to place the destinies of their country in the keeping of English Irishmen, we think it our duty, as a journal which for the last nine years has kept its place steadily in the front of the battle, and held aloft the national banner, in some measure to answer this question.

Is a mere parliament the end of Ireland's aspirations? An old Doric temple in College Green, Dublin, filled with three or four or five hundred gentlemen from the country come up to town to put their heads together as how best to drain the Suck—is this the thing, for which we have striven so long and so bitterly? Is it an assembly with a prime minister, a mace, and a sergeant-at-arms, called together to inquire into the possibilities of our mices, to construct our railways, and to increase our fishing fleets that is to satisfy the yearning and longing of the Irish heart? Is it even the power to order and govern our own constabulary, to appoint our judges, and to settle our land question that is to satisfy us forever? No, fellow countrymen! No, fellow countrymen! We are struggling to make Ireland a nation! Some well intentioned friends will tell us that in the powers and privileges we have named lie the potential factors which make for nationhood; and it is to some extent true. But we must remind our countrymen that if the spirit of nationality is not in our hearts these things will only be to us as the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal. We shall have the body, the form, the framework; but we shall lack the soul, the spirit, the vivifying life blood which makes a people great, be they never so small in numbers, or contracted in territory, or weak in the field of battle. Has not New Jersey a parliament and a constitution? Has not New Jersey a senate house in her capital on the banks of the Delaware that might well vie with our own? Has she not command over her own judges and police, her own revenue, her own industrial resources—nay, of her own State militia? Has she not, in one word, the form and framework of which we have spoken? And who thinks of New Jersey as a nation? No;

IRISH NATIONALITY.

If it have not a home in our hearts, will never have a home in our parliament, but that parliament big or little. And if a native legislature can only give us more potatoes and cheaper travelling, it simply means that it is a good and useful and much needed institution in this country, and no more. How would these things make Ireland a nation? Is not an English or Scotch or American potato as good as an Irish one? But would it realize our ideal if the world shovelled potatoes into us free, until we could eat no more of them? Let us not forget that the sentiment of nationality has only a very remote connection with the science of political economy; nor that Ireland, with a powerful and capable parliament to which Mr. Parnell's four points had been fully conceded, might yet be as much a province of England as ever she was during her whole history.

We must not lose sight of this point. To attain our legislative independence is not to attain our nationhood. A parliament is not nationality; it is only the means by which nationality is fostered and nourished, and made to bloom and flower over the length and breadth of the land. Give Ireland the best parliament which will plant the peasant firmly in the soil, develop the resources of the country, drain her rivers and make the land flower and blossom like a garden, but which at the same time will encourage English ways, and form our morals and our manners after an English standard—why, it would be better, some of us think, that we had remained for ever as we are than that this thing should come to pass. "We reject with scorn," said Davis, "the notion of assimilating our morals, manners, or passions to those of any other people on the face of God's earth; least of all would we wish to change the faithful, pure, natural, affectionate Irishman into

THAT ANIMAL, JOHN BULL."

We must look to it, fellow countrymen, that when we get a parliament it be not an instrument for the express purpose of accomplishing the last conquest of Ireland with no "perhaps" at the end of it, but that it be an instrument which England shall frame with the intention, through it, of recognizing our status in the world. And our status is not that of a province; it is that of a nation to be vindicated. It was this central fact which prompted Gratton to tell the English minister that it was wanted to settle the Irish question he must "greatly emancipate or fundamentally destroy." It was this same fact which suggested Mr. Parnell's reference to the parliament of '82 a few years ago, for the leader was thinking, not of the constitution of that exclusive body itself, but of the spirit which was its glorious inspiration. And it was the same fact which, at the Cork Young Ireland Society a few years ago, urged from William O'Brien the following eloquent passage, which we trust, Mr. Healy and some of his friends will read and take to heart:

"Looking back now as calm as an Irishman may, over the appalling gulf of years, since the first attempt of England to subjugate this island—counting its confessions all over again, realizing the horrors of all its massacres, pierced with the agony and humiliation of all that endless, hopeless strife—it is my firm persuasion that the Irish race of today would drain that bitter cup again, would plunge back once more into that night of horrors which seemed to know no dawning, would welcome the axe and the gibbet and the battlefield once more, rather than surrender, in this their hour of strength and pride, the mission which their fathers had bequeathed to them with the blood in their veins—the mission of vindicating their despised and trampled race, and of giving Celtic genius once more a home and a throne in the bosom of a disenthralled and regenerated Irish nation."

THERE IS A SCHOOL OF ENGLISH IRISH NATIONALITY.

—and they have got great honor in this country—who have been endeavoring to teach Irishmen, Irish Irishmen, that En-

gland and Scotland are as much their country as Ireland is. We will have none of this doctrine. England may be friendly or the reverse, but England is not our country and never can be. It may suit able and talented Irishmen, now English-Irishmen, who have won fame and fortune in London, to enucleate this comfortable principle; but to those who live in Ireland and mean to remain there, whose hopes and aspirations are bounded by her four seas, and whose highest ambition it is to win the grateful recognition of their own countrymen, such a principle is absurd. It may look fair and philanthropic, but it is insidious and poisonous, and the stragulation of the idea of Irish nationality. And, fellow countrymen, we must resist it or we shall never realize William O'Brien's dream of giving Celtic genius a home and a throne in the bosom of an Irish nation. No, parliament or no parliament, big parliament or little parliament, if we accept this principle, if we do not resolve to stand by Ireland, alone, by Ireland first, last, and always, if we do not resolve to stand by her, and no other, what talent, as artist or as artisan, God in his goodness has given us, then Celtic genius will never find a home in Ireland, but will fly to the Thames, and wearing a rose in its breast where it should have worn a shamrock, it will twist its face to suit the requirements of Mr. Bull, and limp about the pavements of London with the chains of Cockney fashion on its limbs, and the rust of Cockney flunkeyism in its soul.

"IRELAND A NATION."

—It is a standing toast at our national banquets. But what does it mean? Does it mean that we are struggling for a separate nation, with an army, a navy, and a sovereign of our own? No, for our leaders are even now arguing with English statesmen the points of a constitutional settlement of the Irish question. "Ireland a Nation" may, in a political sense, mean anything from a subordinate parliament up to a free and independent state; but, in the sense to which we have been referring, there can be no doubt whatever as to the significance of the phrase. Ireland, the Irish people, the Irish race, must retain, develop and strengthen their own individuality, let parliament rise or fall, and governments live or die, must remain Irish above and before all; and perhaps in some near or distant future the people of Ireland will have the right to smile upon the land again, and Ireland, always a nation in thought, in resolve, and in soul, will spring forth in the face of Europe and, proud as Italy when she took her place in the councils of the Continent, show that she, too, is a nation in action and in deed, and that, supported by the valor and wisdom, and genius of her sons, she means to hold her head high in the world as proud as the very mightiest of them—this is what we understand by "Ireland a Nation" but when we use this expression let us look to it that we are not deceiving ourselves. We know men who cry "Ireland a Nation," nay, who can wax warm over the sentiment, and whose lives and conduct, if copied and followed by the Irish people, would result in a couple of generations in the utter provincialization of this island and its inhabitants. Beware of the Irish "Nationalists" who are English from top to toe, from the soul to the skin out, who have not two Irish ideas in their heads, who care not a brass farthing for Irish literature or art except to adorn their parlors with a sinistral rhetorical flourish, and who in their heart of hearts consider all this talk of making Ireland a nation, either in art or war, as the merest feather-brained Celtic balderdash!

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN,

If we intend to make Ireland a nation, we must have no vague and hazy notions on the subject. We must know what we can do, and what are the possibilities of our present position in the world. We cannot become a nation in arms. This is conceded

by most of us, both at home and abroad. But can't we keep our souls pure? Can't we become a nation in thought and in art? Have we no men strong enough in soul, dowered enough in intellect, and possessed with the God-like resolve to give their genius to Ireland? Have we no able men of the Irish race who will, in and for Ireland, write books, paint pictures, carve statues? We do not care whom the gifted and talented Irishmen of today, "nationalist as well as Conservative, who do these things, make a poor show in the eyes of our Ireland, when compared with the young men of forty-five years ago. The highest end of government, says Emerson, is the culture of men. No men can teach Ireland culture and knowledge but men of the Irish race. Where today are the men who should have faced this brave task? With few exceptions, indeed, we look in vain for them in the Irish metropolis. They are in London. Yes, and we say that while they remain there, while they are allowed to remain there without protest, while the damnable habit clings to us of encouraging English manners, literature, art, and science, and copying them, and running after them, while our own manners are contemned, and our own literature and art are neglected, while, we say, this state of things can exist, Ireland never can become the nation of which our youth has dreamed, and the eyes of our aged have watched till they went down into their grave.

Ab, but we will be told, this brilliant ideal of ours is extravagant. Then, we say, if this is so, let us hear no more of "Ireland a Nation." But it is not so. All that is required is that

EVERY IRISHMAN SHALL DO HIS DUTY to Ireland, shall determine that he will be an Irishman first, last, and always, not alone in politics, but in every department of life and thought where it is possible for him so to be. No, our ideal of "Ireland a Nation" is not extravagant. A nation of men unanimously bent on freedom or conquest, carries a great philosophy, for it easily confounds the arithmetic of statistics and achieves, extravagant actions out of all proportion to their means. We must put the statistics to shame. Let us have no cant about "Ireland a Nation," but make the phrase have a meaning which shall rule our lives. Thus shall we prepare ourselves for whatever destiny Providence has marked out for us. And can we doubt what that destiny is? Can we doubt that the future of our dear old motherland, who has fought so long, who has struggled so bravely, who has hoped and who has seemed to be in hope, and carried a brave heart when her heart was breaking, can we doubt that her future will be anything but a bright, a glorious, and a triumphant one? Let Davis speak:

"And if she be miserable, if homely age hath the ailing beauty of her poor cheek, then who hath wasted it? The stranger from without by means of the traitor within." Perchance 'tis a fanciful thing, yet in the misfortune of Ireland, in her laureled martyrs, in those who died, persecuted men for a persecuted country, in the necessity she was under of bearing the palms to deck her best to the scaffold-foot and the lost battlefield, she has seemed to me chastened for some great future. I have thought I saw her spirit from her dwelling, her sorrowing place among the tombs, rising not without melancholy, yet in a purity and brightness beyond the nations, and I thought that God had made her purpose firm and her heart just; and I knew that if He had, small though she were, His angels would have charge over her, lest at any time she should dash her foot against a stone."

SO, COURAGE, FELLOW COUNTRYMEN! The future years are for us and if you be but true to yourselves and to the island of your fathers, "Ireland a Nation" will be no phrase in the mouth of a politician, but it will be the flowering of all our hopes, the realization of our fathers' dreams, the grand and glorious consummation of our struggle through centuries of pain, the final and magnificent triumph of our mission of vindicating our despised and trampled race, and of giving Celtic genius once more a home and a throne in the bosom of a disenthralled and regenerated Irish nation."

DEVIL'S
24 & 26 E. Randolph St.
BIG FISH SALE
THIS WEEK.
800 Kits of Genuine Irish Mackerel at Less than Wholesale Price.
Trout, Salmon and Canned Fish. Groceries at Wholesale Prices.

FATHER KÖENIG'S NERVE TONIC
OVER-WORK.
Office of the High Court of Illinois Catholic Orphan Asylum, 125 and 127 Washington Street, Chicago, Oct. 11th, 1887.
REV. E. KÖENIG: Dear Sir—I deem it a duty I owe you to certify to the good effect the taking of your medicine had on my health. I was troubled with nervousness brought on by over-work. Your Nerve Tonic almost immediately stopped that peculiar tremor that I presume, is evidence of nervousness. I am now well. My head troubled me could not sleep, head hot, dreams of accidents, etc. One spoonful of your medicine removed the cause of my dreams; have not had them since; took seven or eight bottles of your medicine. Keep some in my house; always take some occasionally; would not be without it; have recommended it to my friends. If I am not mistaken your medicine will keep a blessing to this over-worked nation. Yours truly,
JNO. F. SCANLAN,
B. C. R.
Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.
This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Father Köenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direct supervision by the
KÖENIG MEDICINE CO.,
50 West Madison, cor. Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
Price \$1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for \$5.
W. C. SCUPHAM, 63 State St.
E. H. HELLER, 3023 Archer Av., Chicago.

INFORMATION WANTED
OF THOMAS CURRY, native of the Township of Fined, Parish of Drimallagh, county Sligo, came to America 10 years ago, and was in Chicago for the last 9 years; when last heard of he was in the hospital, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, three weeks previous to March 1, 1887. In 1886 he lived at 1616 Wabash Av., in December, 1887, at 2501 Hanover st., in 1888 at 114 Twenty-fifth place, and in March, 1890, at 392 Twenty-sixth st.; when he said he would go to the hospital again. Any information regarding his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his sister, BRIDGET PARNELL, Gutteroway, Castlegarret Postoffice, County Sligo, Ireland.
Furniture, Stoves,
Carpets and Parlor Goods.
HENRY STUCKART,
2517 and 2519 ARCHER AV.,

THE HAYMARKET.
WEEK COMMENCING SUNDAY MATINEE, FEB. 22. Matinees Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday.
Sunday Matinee and Night, and Monday and Tuesday Nights.
SHAUN RHUE,
BY FRED MARSDEN.
Larry Donovan, - - JOSEPH MURPHY.
Introducing his Wonderfully Successful Song, entitled
"A HANDFUL OF EARTH."
Wednesday Matinee and Night, in his New Play,
THE DONAGH,
MR. MURPHY as LARRY KILLALY.
During the action of the play will be exhibited Panoramic Views of the beautiful
LAKES OF KILLARNEY.
Thursday, Friday, and Saturday Matinee and Night, THE
KERRY GOW,
BY FRED MARSDEN.
JOSEPH MURPHY as DAN O'HARA,
(THE KERRY BLACKSMITH).

THE PRINCE OF SONG.

He'd offered many poems
On melancholy themes—
Some dealt with metaphysics,
And some were ghastly dreams—
On life and death and fate,
And on the distant spheres;
A dirge for one who went away
And left his friends in tears.

They sang with heart and hand them—
What cared it for his diet
For now or then, or never,
In quest of every sin,
He'd a sweet note of love and faith
That sang the wayward thought;
They sang him falseless chapters,
And lured him from the coast of song.

—Henry Jerome Steward in Kate Field's Wash-
ington.

TALBOT'S LAST VOYAGE.

On a surf fringed island of the Pacific, where the smoldering twin volcanoes from on flower strewn plains, and the eucalyptus nod drowsily to the rhythm of the sea, there is set a memorial tablet which bears the legend: "Greater love than this hath no man, that he lay down his life for his friend," and the name above it is that of John G. Talbot, of Kentucky.

His story is only one of duty done, and therefore is lost to the great public, although it still lives in the memory of his comrades and in the faithful records of the navy department, but it has in its elements of such heroism and pathos that it must touch all hearts till glory forgets to honor Valor and Love lays down his golden rod.

He was a junior lieutenant in the United States navy, and was one of the officers of the United States steamship Saginaw at the time she broke her back on the reef of Ocean Island in the October of 1870, which wreck was, curiously enough, the result of a bit of practical humanity on the part of her commanding officer.

In the winter of 1868-9 congress approved a bill for deepening the cut in the harbor of Midway island, and for more than a twelvemonth after the appropriation was made the work was carried on by Capt. (now Commodore) Sicard and a large force of men. The task, however, was a very thankless one, and as the appropriation ran out before it was finished, and the winter was setting in early with unusually boisterous winds and heavy rains, the dredges and cutting machinery were promptly taken up and stowed, the engines fired and the Saginaw's nose turned homeward. San Francisco was the objective point, but before shaping a course for the Golden Gate Capt. Sicard determined to run down to a lonely island about seven miles to the westward of Midway to look up any castaways who might have found refuge there. This island, or rather coral reef, is so far out of the track of vessels that such visits are made not only with the approval of the department, but by its command, at intervals of a few years as is practicable.

That the trip was fraught with the usual dangers incident on navigating unknown waters is at once apparent, but the first hour out developed a new and strange source of anxiety that proved unconquerable. The machinery piled on deck affected the compass so sensibly that no reliance could be had upon its accuracy, and the stars went out so early in the night that they had to run by dead reckoning.

The sea was heavy and the set of the current was so unusual that the captain gave the strictest orders about the rate of speed and the lookout to be maintained, and as the ship was due alongside the island about daybreak he took the deck himself at 2 a. m.

At this hour, the fog showing a distance of thirty-five miles made since 5 o'clock of the afternoon preceding, he ordered the mainsail close reefed and the engines to be kept just turning over, but as the dead reckoning shows twelve miles still to run the topsails were left standing, and this unfortunately gave the ship a decided headway, for she was running with the trade winds, and it was a case of

The ship was lively and the wind was free. Suddenly out of the night sprang a roar under our very bows, and a wall of white fire barred the way. High in the air played a spray of phosphoric brightness, and the sullen boom of the surf was like the ominous detonations of a minute gun.

It was the reef! The shrill cry of the lookout, "Breakers ahead!" seemed to deprive the men of both speech and motion. They stood as if paralyzed, and it was only when the officers leaped to the ropes, tugging like madmen, that they followed; and even then they moved heavily—"like in a dream," the captain said; and though they heaved and reefed, mechanically, their eyes were fixed gloomily on the line of leaping surf, and their ears were filled with the sound of the death blows raining on the ship's sides.

The engines were reversed on the echo of that awful cry, the watch tumbled up, and all hands struggled and strained at the topsails, while the air resounded with the hoarse voices of the officers giving and transmitting orders, and the piercing shriek of the bos'n's pipe cut the air like a scimitar.

For a few minutes the balance of chances hung even. But the pressure of steam was too light as against the pull of the topsails, and just as the canvas was clewed up she rose on the crest of a great wave and fell on the ridge of the reef.

In ten minutes she bilged—she had flooded her holds at once—and yet so good was the discipline that not only was every soul landed safely on the island, through wind and rain and snatching seas, but a few stores were saved as well.

Here was a cruel reversal of situations. From rescuers they were become objects of rescue, and of this last the chances seemed too remote to be entertained, except as a hope.

The island was absolutely sterile. There was neither wood nor fresh water. There was no place to shelter, and the nearest attainable land was 1,600 miles away. Midway being impracticable for a

sailboat at that season on account of the trade winds.

But all this had to be seen in glimpses by the men, and recognized by the officers only as it came up in the course of official routine, for no sooner did day dawn than the seamen were told off in messes, water was distilled by means of an old boiler, two boats' crews were detailed to travel between the wreck and shore to save whatever they could, an exploring party was sent out to do the island, and charts were eagerly examined by the officers.

The wind was squalling in gustily from a flying sea, the rain added its quota to the discomfort of all hands, and just as Black Care was solidly mounted on every man's shoulder, Talbot stepped out on the beach, and with a cheerful air as if he were proposing a lark ashore volunteered to take one of the ship's boats, and attempt the trip to the Hawaiian Islands.

Think of it. But I believe if you give a sailor a single plank he will see material for a flotilla, and so, after a pause of a few minutes—a tribute to discipline—the young officer was almost lost in the wave of sailor men that surged around him, asking, urging, pleading to go with him, although every man jack of them knew it was almost certain death he volunteered for. And then, when the choice fell on the coxswain Halford and three able seamen named Andrews, Muir and Francis, the others almost fought about it.

The crew picked, Talbot passed in review of all the boats that had survived the wreck, selecting the whale boat, which was raised on rind stocks—made from the Saginaw's drift—and work began on her that very day.

The seals and others, sole occupants of the island for several peaceful years, made off in dismay before the swarms of two legged intruders, who brought such active life and intolerable sounds to their tranquil retreat; for not only did the hammers and caulker's mallets play on the whale boat, but Sicard, to hearten up the men, set them to building a schooner of the Saginaw's planks and beams in which to sail to safety if Talbot's efforts failed.

Through days of dreary weather the work was pushed, and on the 17th of November the whale boat was ready for her venture. She was well prepared as far as the limited supplies of the shipwrecked permitted, but, compared with the elemental forces against which she must battle, and considering the season of the year, it seemed as though she could not outlive the first day.

The gunwales were raised eight inches and she was decked over; two masts were shipped and a bowsprit mounted; she had a full set of new sails and oars—from the ship's stores—and was stocked with canned goods.

In the choice of these latter they had to be guided by guesswork entirely, for all the labels had washed off in the wreck, and although the best looking and the largest were selected, and the supply was lavish, the contents of many of them proved so unsuitable for such a journey that they not only jeopardized its success, but actually precipitated the disaster.

On the morning of the 18th of November, for the first time since the vessel's loss, the sun shone on the castaways, lifting up their hearts and filling both parting crew and those left behind with an almost unreasonable joy and hope.

The first hours of the day were occupied in giving the last touches to the boat, and then Talbot stepped aside with the captain to receive his final instructions. These were:

"Beat up against the Trades, through the Belt of Calms and the Variables, to (a given) latitude east of the Hawaiian Islands, and thence run west with the Trades."

This route was advised not only because it was in the track of ships, but also because the islands cover an area of about a hundred miles, which greatly increased the chances of their being sighted, no matter how the calculations faulted, and that they would fault was inevitable, for in a small boat the motion is so very lively that an accurate reckoning is almost impossible. Then, too, the mountain peaks are lofty, and the smoke of the twin volcanoes can be seen long before the islands themselves are raised.

A tracing of the chart and some navigation instruments were given him, and then, in the sparkling light of full noon, the little craft put out through the opening of the reef and danced joyously off on her mission.

A deep throated cheer followed them, and as its echoes pealed over the lonely waters an answer came drifting back, ready and thin with distance, but keyed to the same exultant note of confidence.

That day's sunshine was like the rose thrown to the martyr in the arena—the last token of friendship from the skies; for, beginning with the next morning, the little boat battled with storms until the end came. The fifth day out the waves, which had been snapping and snarling at her heels since the second day, rolled into mountains under the fierce wind; the deck began to leak, the cooking apparatus was washed overboard, the provisions already opened were ruined and they hove to with a sea anchor.

Fancy a twenty foot boat hove to in a November gale in mid-ocean.

This was a specimen of the weather they met. When the wind and the sea were not actually grappling in savage conflict, clouds obscured the sun and blotted out the stars; the navigation instruments proved absolutely useless, and the dead reckoning was so faulty that it was a miracle the islands were sighted at all. In the second heavy gale the sea anchor was lost, and a three oared drag fetched away. In still another, a square sail and two more oars, with which they had made a second drag, and successfully clawed off the storm's edge for three hours.

Flint, steel and matches were ruined, so fire was out of the question, and the raw food, exposure and cold soon brought on grave physical disorders that

crippled the little crew by half. Muir and Andrews were on the sick list for three weeks. Talbot was also ill, but his cheery spirit and powerful will kept him about, and even when wrung blue with anguish his courage was still strong enough to hold up the fainting hands of the men who prayed to heaven for help.

Once the sun shone for a few hours, and by means of the lenses of an opera glass they got a light and built a fire—the first warmth of the journey. They cooked some food, but there was too little of it to do much good, and the boisterous waters still drenched them and a keen wind scoured their bones, and all too soon a bursting roller quenched the friendly blaze.

On the 16th of December, Friday, a conical cloud rose on the horizon—rose, but lay still instead of scudding away with ruin in its breath as the others did. Then Halford shouted, "Land ho!"

He had been to the islands once before, and recognized Kaulaiaua ro, the most extreme southwestern point of the group.

As the boat rose and fell on the rollers the misty smudge of Nihua and even Kaula hove in sight, but the wind shouldered the forlorn boat's crew back from the shore, and beat and tack as they would her head fell away again and again, and the last they could do was to hang quivering between hope and the deep sea.

The tragedy now drew to a rapid close. Sunday night they were off Hanelei harbor, and still the wind with its mighty flail winnowed out their strength and patience.

At midnight they hove to. Then the slope of heaven touched 1 o'clock—the last day had come.

Two o'clock was marked by the wheeling stars—half-past, and then, like a panther, the wind leaped out to sea, and, crouching back of its quarry, blew in shore as fiercely as it had before blown seaward.

Dreading another change, they decided not to wait for morning, but to make harbor at once, and when the boat's head was put on Talbot drew his first breath of assured safety for those in his charge and the shipmates left behind in the lonely Pacific.

As the water shoaled toward the ridge of the reef Halford came up from below. He says he's got in the cockpit a wave broke abait, and Talbot called out: "Steady, there. Bring her by the wind."

Both Francis and Andrews sprang to obey him, but a heavy wave burst against the boat's side, upsetting her and washing them both away to the mysterious depths of the sea. They were never seen again.

Talbot managed to catch and cling to the bilge of the boat as she floated keel up, and Halford—who was hanging to the stern and casting off his clothing—called to him to come astern and climb up on her. But, drowning his words, came a third wave, and when it passed he was alone.

In the pause of the gathering sea he scrambled on the boat's bottom, and clinging there, rode naked through the glittering death that beat and broke about him. And the first line of breakers was passed in safety.

In the second the boat rolled over, but righted herself head on to land, and drifted ashore near Kihiki-Kai, five miles from Hanelei.

As she drifted there rose groans from the cockpit, and the sailor, Muir, who had been below during all these scenes, came out on deck, a hopeless madman.

As the boat touched the beach Halford took what papers he could save and helped Muir ashore, then fell exhausted and slept or fainted until daybreak.

When he awoke Muir was gone, and he saw the natives taking something from the sea. Hoping it was his beloved commander, he dragged himself to the spot; but the purple face, starting eyeballs and foam covered lips were those of his messmate, horrible in death.

After securing the boat and getting some food and clothing from the kindly Kanakas he began to patrol the beach, waiting to see whether the incoming tide would give up its dead.

At 7 o'clock the rollers heaved into sight and tossed from crest to crest a dark object, and rushing into the surf Halford drew out Talbot's body; and although his reason told him it would be useless, his love impelled him to work for hours to revive him. When forced to admit the futility of his efforts he rode to Hanelei to deliver up his trust, ask burial for the dead and to beg the immediate dispatch of help to those his officer had died to save.

On Christmas eve the relief steamer was sent out, but the young Kentuckian, who had gained the battle, although he died before the strong wind of victory touched his lips, had then slept five days in his foreign grave, and this grave is the spot on which the tablet stands.

But his loyal dust keeps the watch below under the green billows of his native churchyard, and there may his rest be sweet until

The great Captain Christ Shall pipe all hands aloft.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Household Linen.

Sheets, pillowcases, tablecloths and napkins should not be hemmed until they have first been shrunken; but before the shrinking process each one should be made into its proper length. If this is done they will always fold evenly when ironed, which is not the case if made up without shrinking, or if shrunken in the piece, and then made into proper lengths. Sheets and pillowcases should be torn by a thread; tablecloths and napkins should be cut by a thread.—Ida A. Mills in Good Housekeeping.

The Milk All Right.

When milk is first drawn from a healthy cow not a microbe can be discovered in it. After two hours there are 25,000 microbes to the pint, but they fortunately happen to be peaceable and well disposed microbes, and won't do any hurt unless vinegar is drunk on top of the milk. Shake before using, but don't mix your drinks.—Detroit Free Press.

AMONG THE HINDOOS.

A CHICAGO MAN VISITS AN OLD TEMPLE OF THE PAGANS.

Fined for Walking Through the Building with His Shoes On—Interesting Notes of Rambles Through a Strange Country—Laughable Incidents.

Blatchford Kavanagh writes from Delhi, India, to The Chicago Post about a visit among the Hindoos as follows: I have been to Ahmedabad. It is a small place and almost filled with mosques and temples. The mosques belong to the Mohammedans and the temples to the Hindoos. Most of the mosques are exquisitely carved. In one place there is a window of marble with a tree pierced out of it. The carving is wonderful. These Hindoos are something like the Chinese. They will spend years of their life in carving some little thing. It's beautiful when it's done, but an American wouldn't spend as many days on it as they do years.

In one Hindoo temple they let us walk all through with our shoes on, and when we got through and came outside we found a great crowd of natives making an uproar. Then we found out what was the matter. We had defiled the temple by going in with our shoes on. Then a man came up and said in English that the temple would have to be all washed out before they could worship in it again, and we had to pay three rupees—about \$1.17 in our money—to have the place washed, so we are not going into any more temples with our shoes on.

THE SACRED LAKE.

We stopped at Ajmere, a small town, for about twenty-four hours. There are some mosques and temples there, but they are not so pretty as those at Ahmedabad. Ajmere is very picturesque on a sunny day, but it rained almost all the afternoon very hard. It stopped for about two hours and we drove out to Pushkar lake. This is about seven miles from the city, through a pass. The ascent is about 200 feet. This is the place where the princes come to worship. They each build a small palace to stay in while they are here. The lake is a sacred one, and the Hindoos believe any one bathing in it will go to heaven.

I wrote you about how the Hindoos burn their dead. Well, I took a photograph with my little camera of the caste of men who take care of dead bodies. It was just after they had burned one up, and I got them to all stand in a row with their white aprons on. They didn't seem to mind it a bit, and stood up as if they were quite used to it.

We left Ajmere about 1 o'clock in the morning and arrived here about 5 in the evening. The sleeping cars are not the same as ours. One car will accommodate eight people. The cars are divided into two compartments, each compartment accommodating four persons. We do not undress, but just take off our coats and lie down for a little while. The cars are a good deal like those in England. Our servant forgot to wake us up until we got into the station.

The train only staid there seven minutes, and you ought to have seen us scramble out of the car. Mr. Getty and I have a couple of suits made alike, and in the scrimmage he got my coat on, and he looked too funny for anything. I rushed out of the car in my shirt sleeves, with my helmet on, and he was bareheaded. I guess the natives thought we were crazy. We got to the bungalow all right and slept until 9 o'clock. We are going to see a palace. We go half of the way on elephants.

A DOG STOLE THE SACRED CAKE.

I tried to give you a description in one of my former letters of our lazy life on shipboard coming from Suez to Bombay. There wasn't much to do but lie around and read books and try to keep cool, and I have often thought of you people in Chicago going around with heavy overcoats and furs, while we were fanning ourselves.

I saw a funny sight at Bombay—a poor man's wedding. The man and his bride paraded around the streets, he with his sword over his shoulder. He was bowlegged, she knockkneed, and what do you think their ages were? He was 32 years old and his bride only 11 years! They were tied together by their garments. They had a ceremony in the street that was very queer. They placed on a stone some pens and a pancake and then bowed before it.

Just as they got through a dog stuck his head through the crowd and made a rush for it. Such a commotion you never saw. Of course he got between the groom's legs, and altogether broke up the ceremony. He got the holy pancake, just the same, and then the groom didn't seem to care for it any more. I laughed until I ached all over.

You will remember I wrote you about the Hindoo musician in Bombay, who played on four different instruments at one time—two in his nose and two in his mouth. I took a picture of him one day as he was squatting on the ground playing away with all four instruments going at once. The funniest thing about Bombay and all India is that they only have one mail day a week, which is Saturday, and when the mail closes all the shops close also, and the people have a half holiday. While we were in Bombay they had a mail day, and everywhere we went we were informed that it was "English mail day."

Prevailing Form for Indian Suicide.

The favorite form of suicide in India is drowning, owing to the fact that this method of self-destruction does not involve personal mutilation. This form of suicide is resorted to sometimes not only in order to avoid mutilation, but with a view of propitiating the water spirit by an act of self-sacrifice, which has a fascination for some eastern minds.—London Tit-Bits.

The Same Old Way.

Bunting—Everything is getting so high in price I don't see how we can live.

Mrs. Bunting—Can't we still buy on credit, dear?—Epoch.



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To yourself be true,
And whatever your lot may be,
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Your money is returned if it doesn't benefit or cure you.

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SOMETHING ABOUT THE PLATYPUS.

A Wonderful Mammal Which Cost the British Association Over \$10,000.

The platypus, a small molelike beast of Australia, has been voted the palm for being the most extraordinary mammal in the known world. For the last twenty years its skin has been highly prized as an article of commerce, yet during all of that time scientists have been trying to settle the question whether it is born alive or hatched from an egg. During the summer of 1885, a cablegram was sent from Sydney, Australia, to London, by Professor Livermore, to the effect that Mr. W. H. Caldwell, who holds the Balfour traveling fellowship of Cambridge, had at last settled the matter. Mr. Caldwell was sent out to Australia by the British association for the express purpose of studying the life history of this wonderful creature, a mission which was finally rewarded in the year above mentioned by the discovery of the eggs and nest of this living contradiction of nature.

Gerard Krefft, a gentleman sent out by the British scientific societies about 1880, offered as high as \$500 for an egg of the platypus without being able to obtain one. Still the Bushmen of the region inhabited by the creature positively declared that the animal did lay eggs, even if they had failed to produce one at the request of the scientists, stimulated by the promise of \$1,000 if they would produce a pair of freshly hatched young. During Krefft's tour of investigation numbers of platypus were caught, many in the pairing season, and dissected, yet no traces of eggs were found. whereupon scientists were inclined to believe that the creatures had been misrepresented when spoken of in connection with the eggs, and that they were really viviparous.

The body of the platypus resembles the mole, and is covered with a close, short, grayish brown fur. Like the beaver, its tail is broad and flattened. A horny extension of the jaws forms a beak like that of a duck, their margins being sheathed with horn and supplied with transverse horny plates, two in each jaw, but these are not true teeth. The toes are united by a membrane or web, so that the animal is enabled to swim with great ease. It inhabits small streams and ponds, living principally, if not wholly, on insects. When the young are hatched they are blind and quite naked. The method by which they obtain milk from the mother is still obscure, as the creature has no nipples, only a flat surface; nor is there any marsupial pouch. The beak of the young is wholly unlike that of an adult.

It cost the British association over \$10,000 to ascertain the above facts. First, the instruments and apparatus with which Mr. Caldwell was fitted out cost \$1,000. Besides that, he spent over fourteen months in Australia before he was able to take the coveted peep at the rare creature's eggs.—St. Louis Republic.

No Demand for Old Clocks.

There is no longer the demand for what used to be called "grandfather's clocks" that there was three or four years ago, but when a genuine old one can be secured there are always a score of buyers ready to pay a fair price for it. The clock of this type stands on the

It isn't the usual way

—it's just the reverse—to pay a patient when you can't cure him. Nevertheless, that's what's done by the makers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. They promise to pay you \$500 if they can't cure your catarrh, no matter how bad the case. It isn't mere talk—it's business. You can satisfy yourself of it, if you're interested. And you ought to be, if you have catarrh. It's faith in their medicine that's behind the offer. It has cured thousands of the worst cases, where everything else failed. You can be cured, too. If you can't, you get the money. They're willing to take the risk—you ought to be glad to take the medicine.

A Story of the Paris Commune.

The commune was also sublime. A prisoner, a man, had been taken with arms in his hands, imprisoned, and condemned to death. His wife made heroic efforts to save him, and succeeded in securing the sympathy of a man who had influence in these times. Her husband was saved from capital punishment and was condemned to transportation. Left alone and abandoned, without resources, she had formed an intimacy with the man who had saved her husband. After living for years with this lover, to whom she was deeply attached, she besought him to apply for a pardon for her husband.

Although he felt he was destroying her happiness and his own, he did so. The husband returned full of love for the wife who had saved him from execution and procured his liberation. On the way home, however, he learned the truth. He changed his name, disappeared, and lived in hiding for many years. Then, when divorce became possible in France, he wrote to his wife: "Apply for a divorce against me; I will do all I can to secure one for you. Marry him and be happy." Sublime.—Mr. De Blowitz, in Harper's.

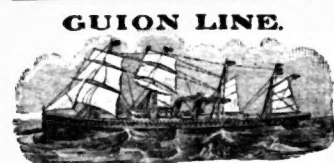
An Old Lady's Little Oddity.

"Yes, a good many odd characters come in here in the course of twenty-four hours," said one of those bank marshals who wheel the bewildered into line and keep the stream of humanity moving before the little wired windows of the tellers. "One day a quaint little lady came in and in a gently nervous way told me she wanted to deposit \$1,000. I showed her what to do, and turned to leave her. Then she began to go through the little reticule that hung on her arm. I watched her for a moment as she carefully took out her various articles. But she evidently hadn't found what she was after, for a second later she closed the satchel with a sharp snap, walked over to me and started in on a long apology that in her hurry she had left the \$1,000 at home by mistake. Then she went out. I didn't pay much attention to her, and had forgotten her, when about a month afterward she came in again and went through the same performance; and," added the official with a laugh, "she's been keeping it up at regular periods for years."—New York Times.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK
 -ss. Circuit Court of Cook County.
 December Term, A. D. 1890 Edward Mackey vs. David Mackey. In Chancery. No. 87,740.
 Notice is hereby given to the said David Mackey that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of February A. D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BENT, Clerk.

David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW P.
 Attorney and Counselor-at-Law,
 26 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st.
 Chicago.

JOHN W. WALSH,
 Attorney at Law,
 609 Opera House Building,
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JAMES O'DONNELL,
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ESTATE OF MICHAEL SHEEHAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Sheehan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March A. D. 1891, being the 16th day thereof.

DELIA SHEEHAN, Administratrix.

Dated Chicago, January 20, 1891.

David Sullivan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF LUKE SINCION, ALIAS LOUIS SINCION, deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Luke Sincion, alias Louis Sincion, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March A. D. 1891, being the 16th day thereof.

ISABELLA RYAN, Administratrix.

Dated Chicago, January 13, 1891.

David Sullivan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF JAMES KEHOE, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of James Kehoe, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March A. D. 1891, being the 16th day thereof.

MARGARET KEHOE, Executrix of the last will and testament of James Kehoe, deceased.

Dated Chicago, January 7, 1891.

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